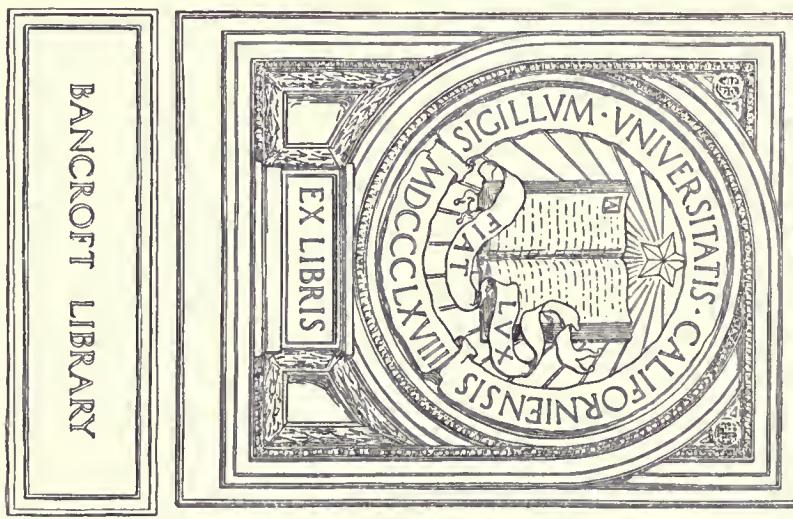
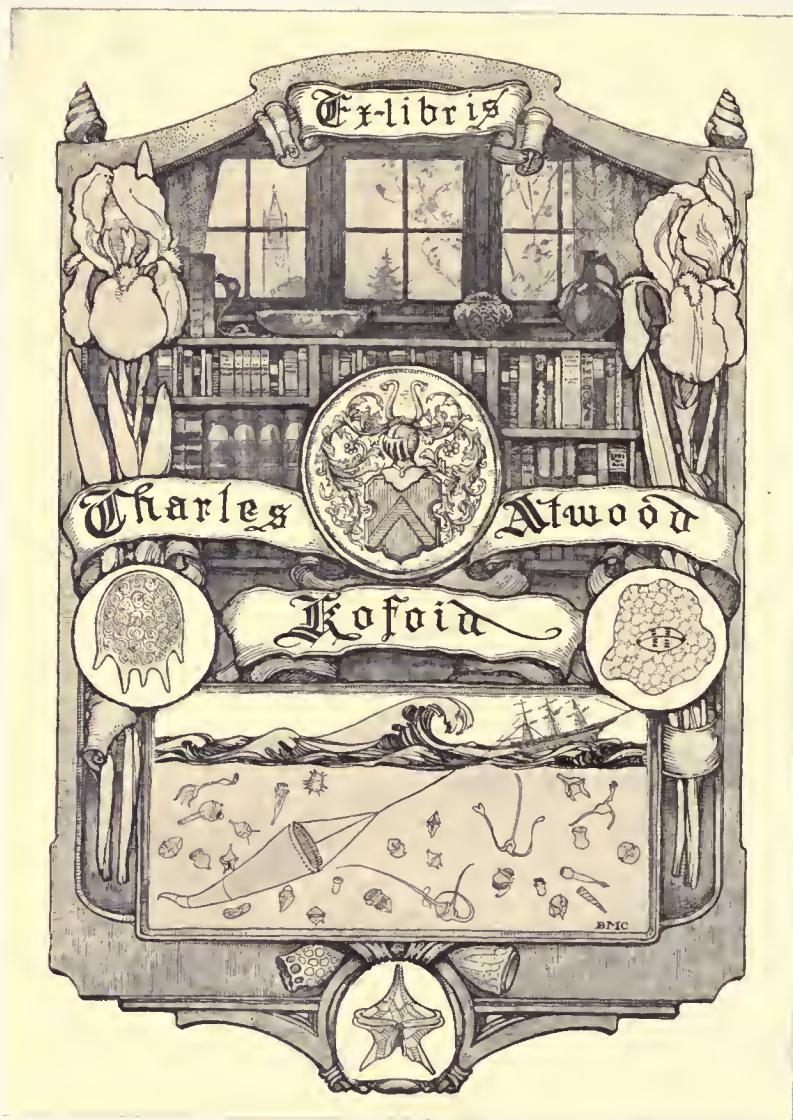


1866
A. G. V. & Co.
Santa Barbara.

A Souvenir of
Santa Barbara.



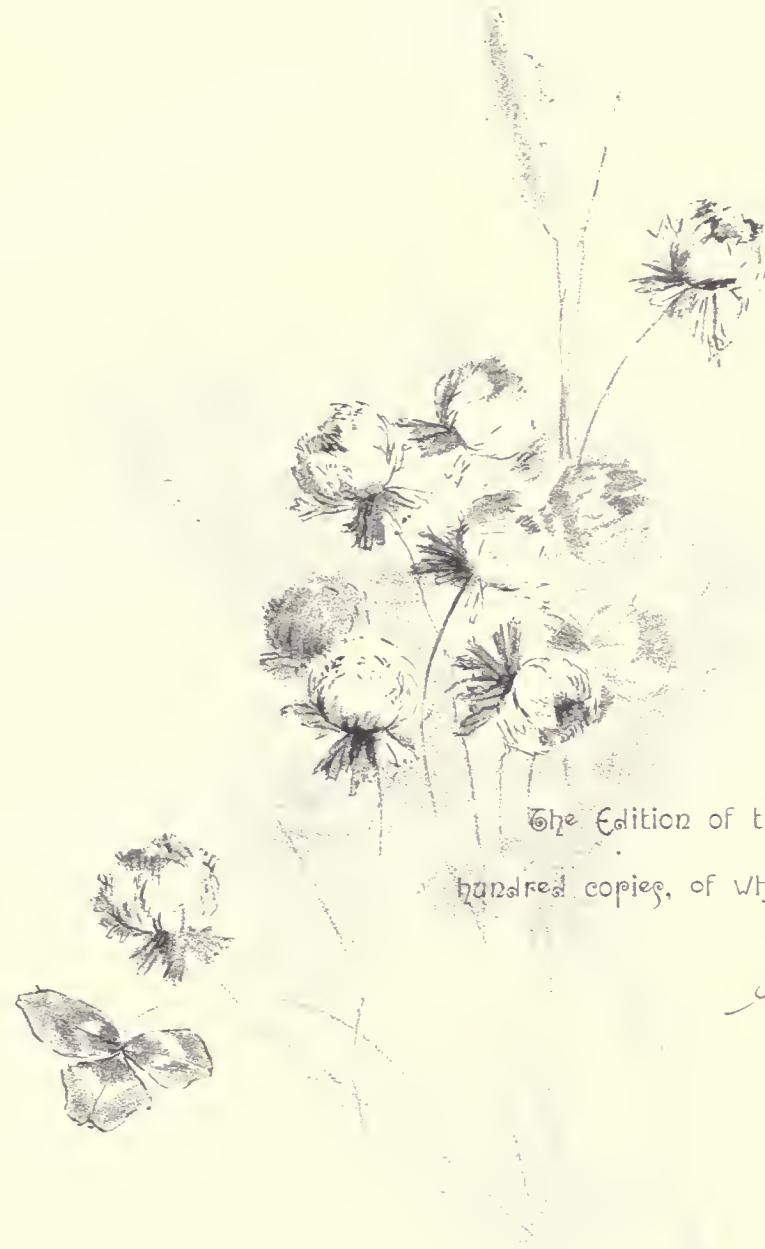
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Anne Blake Hayden

from Mr Henry L. Moore.

Newport R.I. 1887-



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Wright Leonard

Wright Leonard
1900

125 -
A
Very
Land of Sunsets.

A Souvenir of
Santa Barbara.

by Nancy Latrop Turner

F855
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GLOSSARY.

BONITO (Bo-ni-to).

CASTLE ROCK, A rugged point bounding the beach.

CARPENTERÍA (Car-pen-te-ri'-a), A lovely valley thirteen miles distant.

CACITAS (Ka-sē tas), A mountain pass.

COLD SPRING, A brook coming down through a rugged cañon into Montecito.

EL MONTECITO (ce'to), A valley adjoining Santa Barbara.

SANTA CRUZ AND SANTA ROSA, Islands lying across the channel.

SAN LEANDRO, A slighty knoll in Montecito.

SAN RAPHAEL (Ra-fa'el), AND SANTA YNEZ, Two ranges of mountains.

SAN BUENAVENTURA, A village thirty miles south.

THE RINCON (Rin-kon), A mountainous promontory.

TECOLOTÉ (Tek-o-lo-te), A rancho and
cañon.

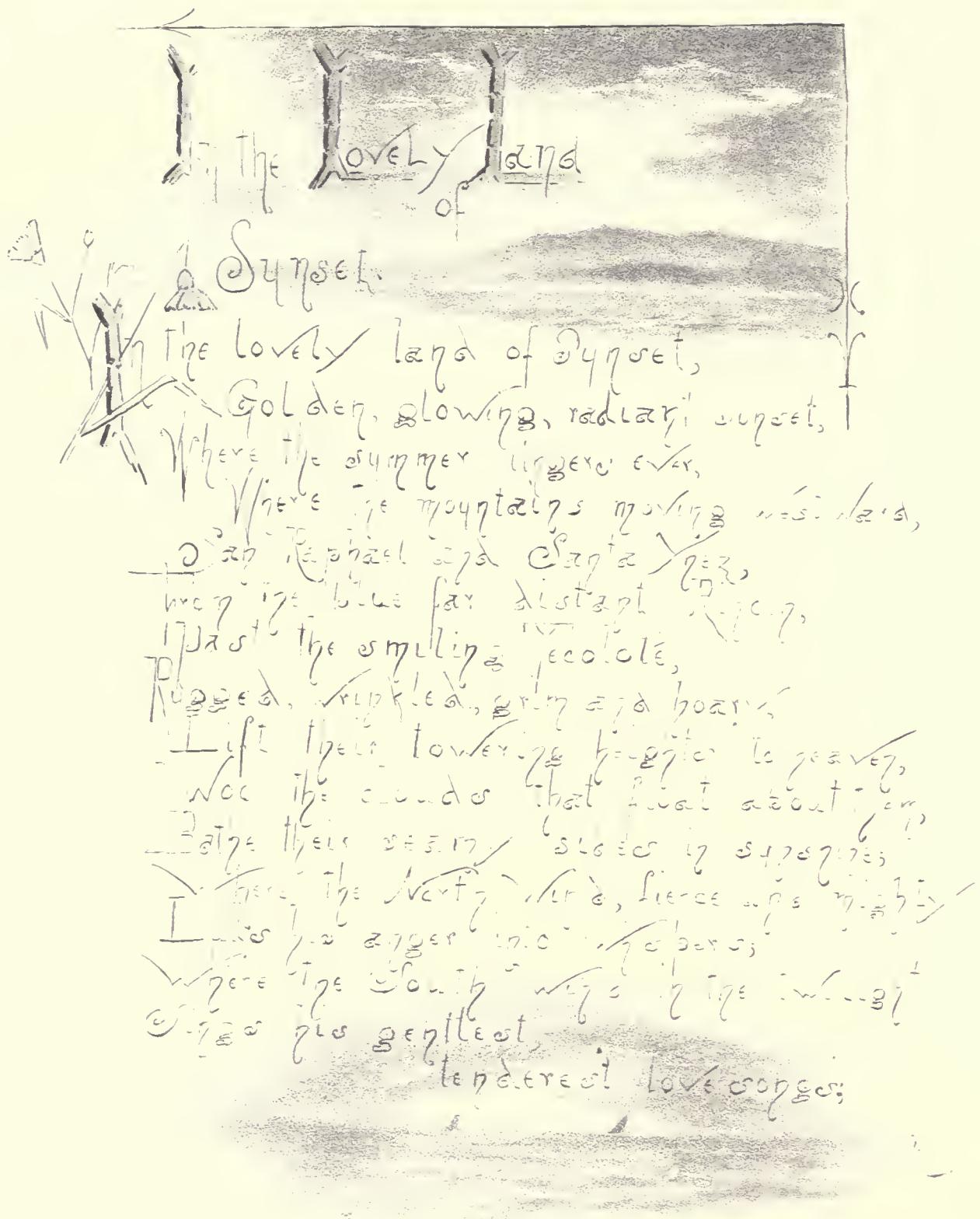
THE MESA, A level plateau toward the
west.

THE VENTURA, A rapid mountain
stream.

THE OJAI (Oh'i), A beautiful valley
forty miles inland.







By the lovely land

of Synset

In the lovely land of Synset,

Golden, glowing, radiant sunset,

Where the summer lingers ever,

Where the mountains moving winds,

Over Raphael and Craga Yez,

Wing the blue far distant reef,

Up to the smiling peacock,

Rugged, wrinkled, grim as a boar,

Lift their towering heads to heaven,

Woo the clouds that float about them,

With their vision's slates in suspense;

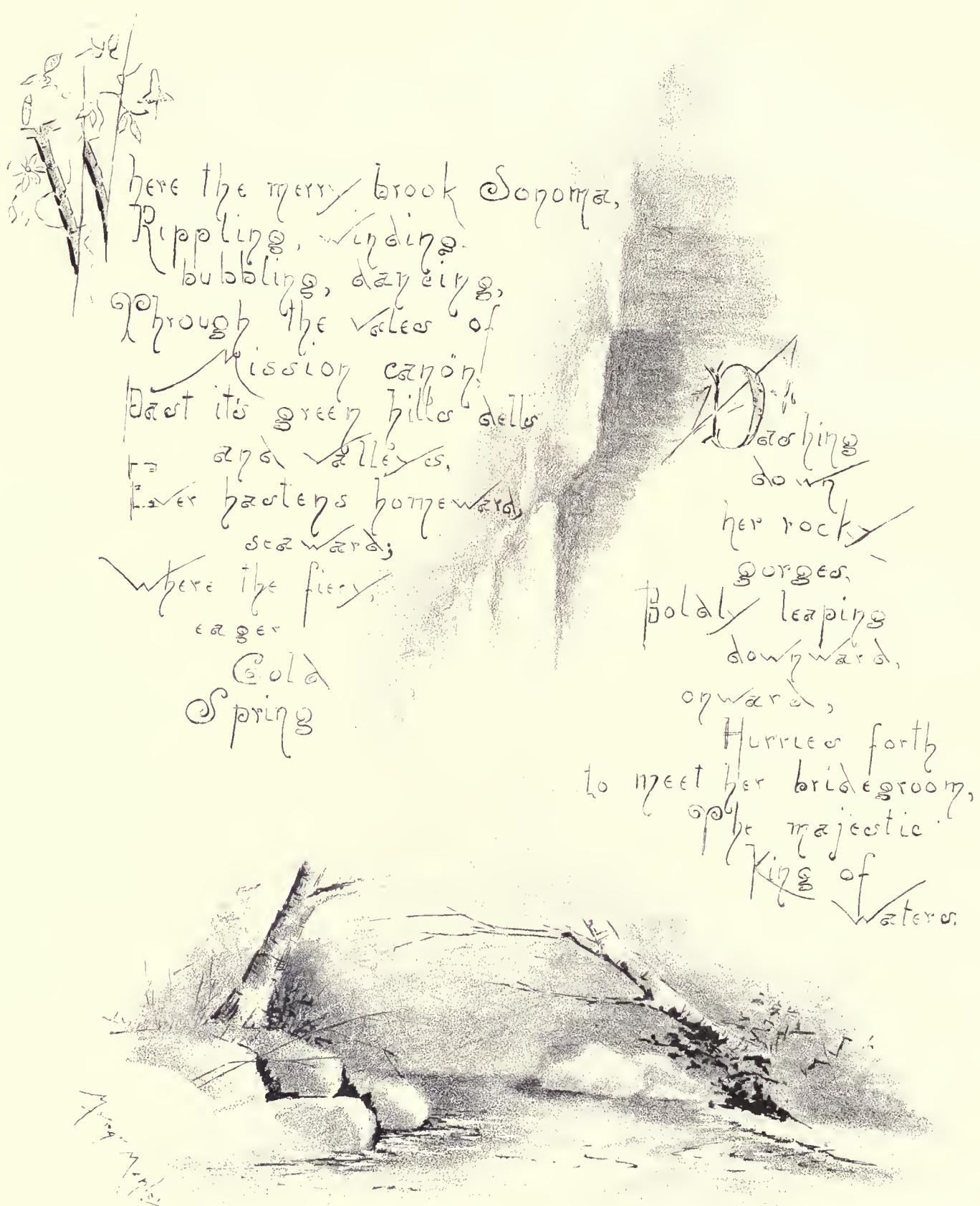
There the North wind, fierce as a tiger,

Wings of anger into feathers;

Where the South wind is the sun,

With the gentlest

tempered love songs;



here the merry brook Sonoma,
Rippling, winding,
bubbling, dallying,
Through the vales of
Mission canon,
Past its green hills and
To open valleys,
Ever hastens homeward,
seaward;
Where the fiery
eagles
Gold
Spring

Washing down
her rocky
gorge,
Boldly leaping
downward,
upward,
Hurries forth
To meet her bridegroom,
The majestic
King of
waters.



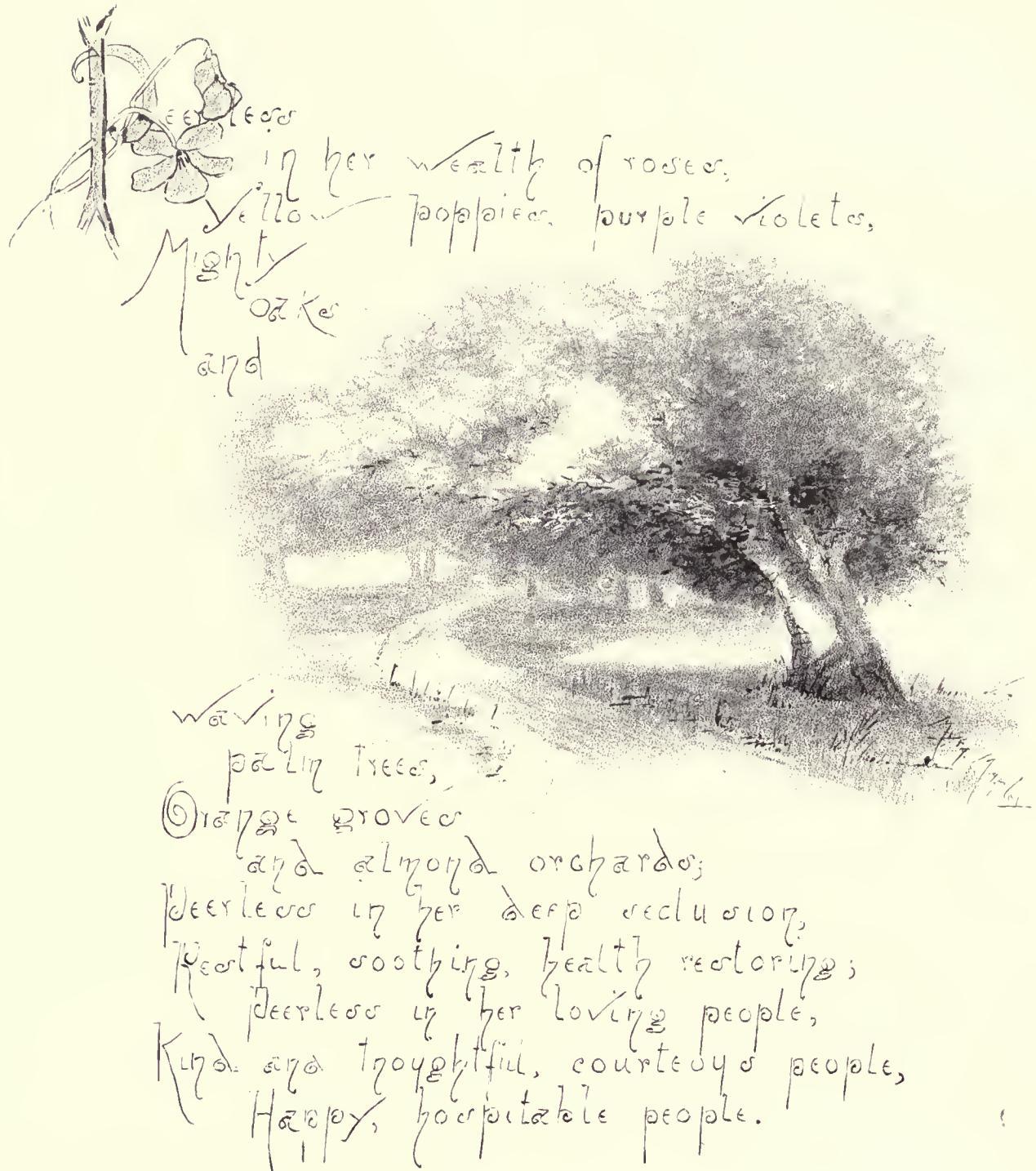
HERE
The Coast line
Trending eastward,
Pending eastward.

inwards, southward.
Forming a bay of wonderful beauty,

In a quiet peaceful valley,
Lie a peaceful, quiet hamlet,
Santa Barbara the peaceful.

Peaceful in her quiet climate,
In her skies so clear and cloudless;
Peaceful in her sleep of sunlight,
Peaceful having sea and mountains,
Shadowy canyons, mystic valleys,
In a valley.

etc. etc.
meadow.



There dwelt a maiden,
Just a tiny gem of girlhood,
Graceful in her every motion,
Loving, merry, sunny-hearted;
Lived and loved this land of August,
Lingered midst its myrtle groves,
By the beach and on the hill-sides;
Rode all day upon the greenward
With her little steed the greyhorses.
Daintily playfull Doratello,
Wayward, brightly Harounello,
With her swift steed, white Bogito,
Silken coated, white Bogito;

Lived
and
laughed
all day
through.



Oh! the world.

Can never match it,

Match the wondrous, radiant picture

Of the solemn, mighty, young tides

Circle eastward, circling westward,

Holding in their arms the harbor

With the deep blue sea before it

And the clear blue sky above it;



Little Rider
Marguerite,



In the hamlet

midst circling

Knoll of greenward, gently sloping,
Garlanded in living verdure,
Wreathed in ever blooming beauty;
On the knoll together standing
Graceful child, and graceful creatures
Little ~~maiden~~ Marguerite,
Little greyhounds, leaping, bounding,
Winged steed, the white ~~Bozito~~.

Oh! The world can never match it,
Match this wondrous, rarest picture,
In that far-off land of Sunset,

In the lovely land
of Syros.





The Winged Steed Bonito.

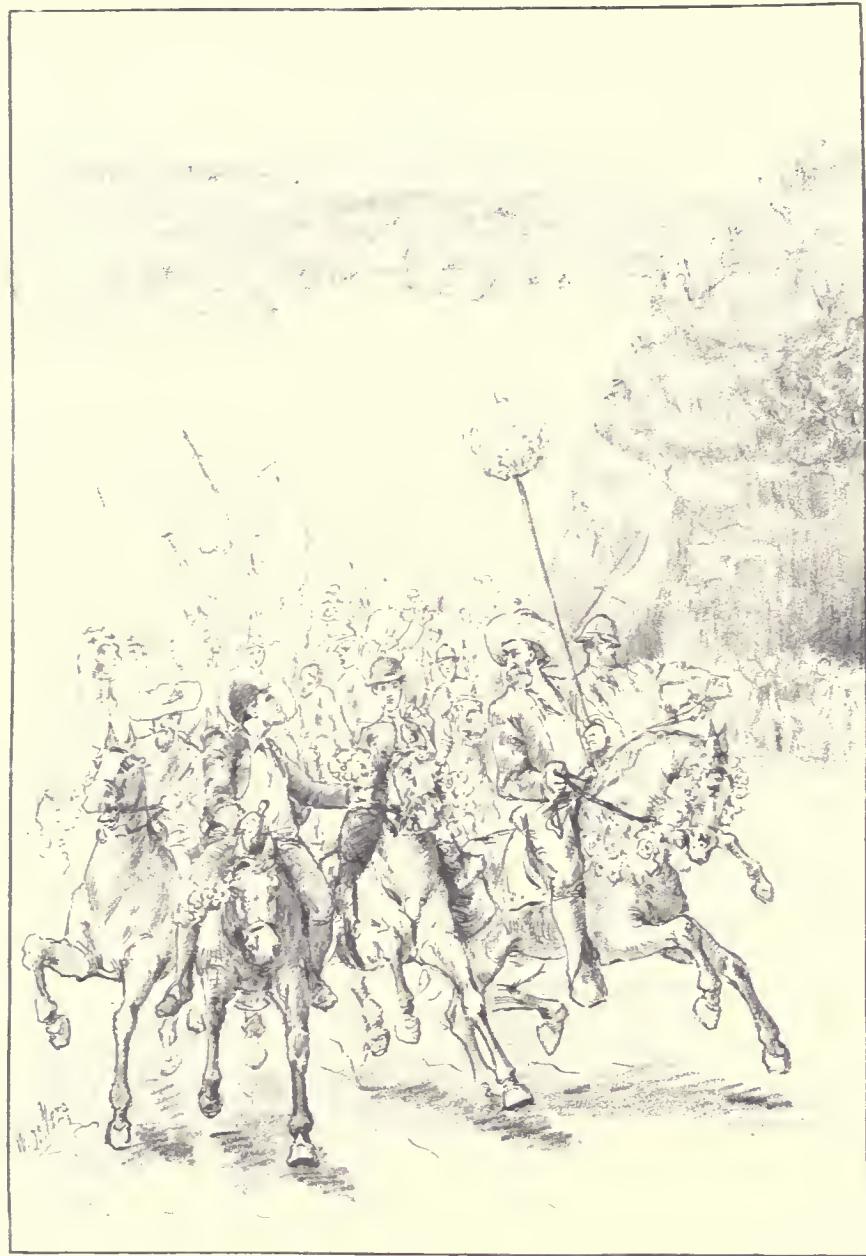
MORNING breaks gloriously over the bay on this the great day of Santa Barbara's Equestrian Review. During the night a light rain has fallen, and the little hamlet, like a young bride, has arrayed herself in all her charms. From Carpentería and El Montecito, from Goleta, Glenn Annie, and Tecoloté the happy, care-forgetting people have gathered in their best array. The streets are lined with bright-colored, eager groups, and the wide sombrero and the jingling spur, the dark hair and flashing eyes, the liquid, softly-flowing sounds mingle freely with the blue eyes, yellow locks, and harsher vowels of the North.

The sun has passed the meridian and turned toward his rest beyond the Mesa. There is peace in the flower-scented air, in the long swell of the sea, in the deep silence which broods over the mountains, and in the white flocks feeding beyond Mission Creek. There is peace in the low murmur of humming birds busy among the roses. The blue haze down the valley is but the breath of content, and the solitary sail crossing the bay seems the white ensign of universal tranquillity. The ancient bells in the tower of the old Mission are pealing forth the gathered rest and quiet of a century. The eager buds have hastened to throw wide their petals, and the gay little lizards, harmless as beautiful, warmed by the generous heat, flash in and out among the rocks. It

is a day in which the joy of life should reach high-water mark; a day in which to love, and hope for love again; in which to laugh with never thought of sighing—a perfect day for Santa Barbara's great review. And lo! from the open fields above the Arlington moves out a glittering cavalcade, and winds slowly along the avenues.

It is a gay and shining troop
That steps so proudly down the way;
'Twere worth ten years of eastern life,
One glance at their array.

Silken-coated, clean-limbed, gayly decorated, high-stepping steeds! Smiling, red-cheeked, bright-eyed children! Lovely maidens, fair dames, and gallant cavaliers! Squadron after squadron, marshaled each by its own captain, with its own silken banner floating overhead, and gay with flowers and decorations of its own shade and choosing—roses and ribbons, ribbons and roses, for bridle and collar, for shoulder and breast-knot—and mingling with it all the sound of champing bits and trampling hoofs, of merry laugh and jest. Ah, yes! it is a goodly company, and wonderfully bright and picturesque, and whether most enjoyed by those onlooking, by horses, or by riders, it were difficult, indeed, to say. How proudly does Wild Diamond bear the day's grand marshal! and how Wicked Jim's black eyes are snapping! yet his ancient rider sits him as if his threescore years and ten were but a dream. Condé and Sorrel Dick bear their beautiful burdens with placid self-complacency, while Del and Mack drift dreamily on with the eddying current of life and motion. Pet, the petite, with dainty, dancing step, is coy, as it be-



hooves young maidens all to be ; while great black Bonnethon is longing, through every tingling vein, to set a thundering pace across the hills and plain. Ojai — brave old Ojai — beneath his wealth of flowers and smilax, holds his own in step and carriage with the shining lights of this, another generation. And lo ! Long John has just unloosed another reef, and stretches out as if each stride would mark a league. Blue Dick grows restless lest he lose the chance to air his stunning English trot, while Selim — Bay Selim, the Arabian proselyte — seems meditating o'er his master's system of theology. And so they come, a shining train of noble steeds and courtly riders. They pass along until at length the beach is gained, when, wheeling round near Castle Rock, each squadron all abreast and beautifully aligned, banners flying, steeds plunging, with the sweep of a rushing, mighty wind the entire cavalcade comes galloping, galloping on. How the pulse quickens and thrills ! The brain and the blood catch fire, and the whole air seems steeped with the sense of power and freedom, of joy and gladness.

And yet, through all this harmony of peaceful sea and mountains, of life-quicken^g sunshine, gay steeds, and banners, of joyous sights and sounds, there runs one note of sadness. Upon the grassy knoll there stands the little maiden ; the lithe and supple greyhounds, with footfalls light as air, are playing round her, but no white Bonito stands beside her. Not yet has he appeared. There are tears in the bright eyes, which the brave little soul smiles and smiles away. Oh ! that there should be such beautiful times and she not in them ! To-day all who are unmounted are undone. To-day the horseman is a king, the foot-man but a lowly serf. Alas !

poor little Marguerita! All her kingdom, her dogs and dolls and playthings, she cannot barter for a horse! And so there is sorrow and disappointment in the bend of the head and the drooping curls, tears in the brave, bright eyes, and sadness in the dear heart. And close at hand, beneath the shadow of a mighty oak, sits one—child of the glowing sunshine, merry-hearted, heroic, golden-souled, serene—and as the little maid looks longingly upon the passing cavalcade, thus looking on life's shining pageant, so bright, so beautiful, so joyous, fast hurrying by, the brave soul, still like the little maiden, smiles and smiles the gathering tears away.

Meanwhile, unseen, unnoticed, way down the coast, where the blue mountains fade away into the blue sea, one solitary, snow-white cloud appears, and draws on apace. Buena Ventura has been passed. The Rincon falls behind. Rapidly it skirts along by sunny Carpentería, and sails quickly over Montecito, when lo! a strange, a wondrous thing. This fleecy cloud is not a beautiful cloud at all, but in its stead appear two wing'd, milk white steeds, their nostrils red and glowing, their white manes floating in the wind like comets streaming down the sky. The one is riderless. Upon the other sits a king's messenger, the dark-eyed Alessandro. Descending swiftly to the grassy knoll, the gay young courtier, dismounting, to Marguerita speaks:

“Senorita, I have ridden long and far, and bring a message from the king. He would that there should be no tears or sadness in the Land of Sunset. He begs the Lady Marguerita put her sorrow by, and accept from him the wing'd steed Bonito. He is swift and tireless as the eagle, as gentle



as the south wind, and as beautiful as day. Will the fair senorita mount and ride with Alessandro?"

Will Marguerita mount Bonito? Will Marguerita ride with Alessandro? Will the sun shine, the winds blow, or the brooks seek the sea? Scarce can she speak her thanks before one little foot in Alessandro's palm, one little hand upon the pommel, she springs into the saddle, and waits with sparkling eyes and wildly throbbing pulse the word from Alessandro. And like an arrow on the string, or like a hound still leashed, waits white Bonito, with grandly curving neck, sharp-pointed ears alert, eyes flashing, and the rounded flanks heaving and quivering. Then, so the ancient story runs, the word was given, the white steeds bounded in the air, flew down the avenues, and past the glittering cavalcade, and so sped rapidly away.

They rode down the beach
As the swift swallows fly,
With the surf thundering in
And the winds rushing by.

They rode over mountains,
They rode o'er the lea,
They rode by the brook side
And by the blue sea.

They rode into cloudland,
Up through the clear sky,
Past the dwellings of night
Where the sleeping stars lie,

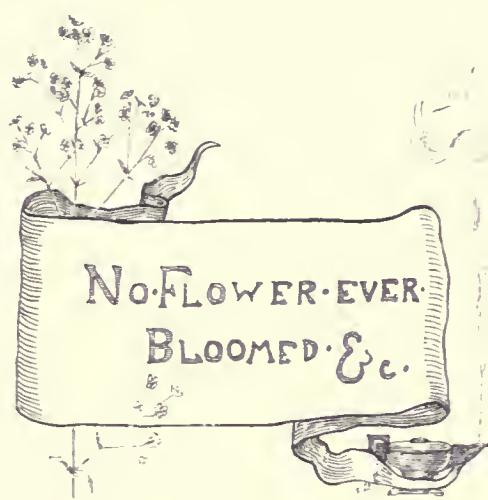
And the white steeds grew misty
 And shadowy and dim,
And the dark Alessandro
 Grew spectral and grim,

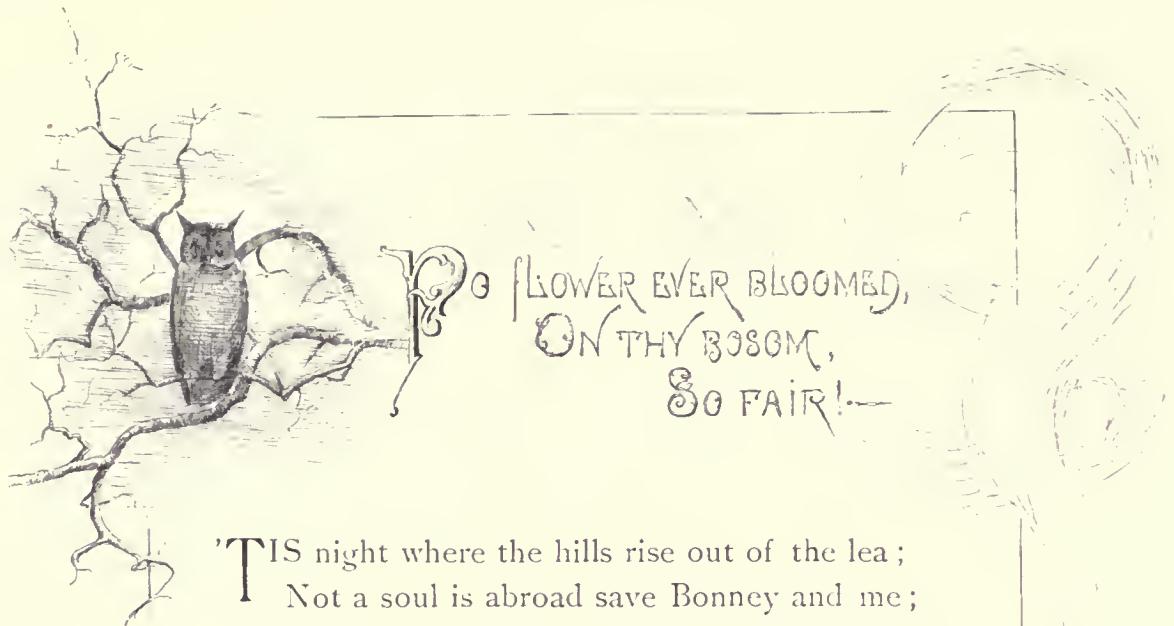
And they vanished from sight
 At the close of the day,—
But a white cloud went floating
 Down over the bay.

And still, so 'tis said,
 Sea and blue sky between,
Just over the Rincon
 May that white cloud be seen.

* * * *

And to that quiet spot beneath the shadowy oak another
—also a king's messenger—has come and gone. And as
yon fleecy clouds float ever over Rincon's rocky point, so
here there hovers softly and unchangingly a gracious sunlit
memory.





'TIS night where the hills rise out of the lea;
Not a soul is abroad save Bonney and me;
The wide, silent heavens stretch away overhead,
And the blossoming wild flowers cushion my bed.

Our camp fire burns low, Bonney slumbers and
sleeps,
Whilst yon sentinel owl his lone vigil keeps;
But my soul down the valley is keeping love's
tryst,
And the steed and his master fain would follow,
I wist.

O, beautiful crest where the wild flowers grow,
There's a beautiful soul in the valley
below !



No flower ever bloomed on thy bosom so fair ;
No spirit so sweet in thy dew-laden air ;

Never twilight so soft as the light in her eye ;
Sounds her voice sweet and low like the breath of a sigh ;
A beautiful soul with life all aglow ;
Oh ! a fair, golden soul in the valley below.

And there's a dear sunny home by the billowy sea,
Where a fond heart is waiting for Bonney and me.
Ah ! Bonney, brave Bonney, my glorious gray,
At the first flush of dawn we must up and away.

O, beautiful stars, that sparkle and glow,
Look down ere day breaks and these silent shades go.
Look down on that spot where the blue billows roll,
And oh,—is it well with the golden soul ?

My spirit is drooping with portents of woe.
Does sorrow forebode by the sea below ?
Why seems the night heavy and pulseless and still,
And why is my startled heart nerveless and chill ?

* * * * *

Up, Bonney, brave Bonney, my glorious gray !
To rescue and save we must off and away.
'Tis a race with grim Death down the hills to the sea,
And the golden soul shall our guerdon be.

Hark to the clang of the hoof's ringing blow !
Back rush the hills past our path as we go.
On, Bonney, on ! Away and away !
Life, when Death's riding, brooks no delay.



On, Bonney, on ! The pale horse is gaining ;
His hoofs on the rock like storm beats are raining.
Spare not, oh, spare not the laboring breath,
For we ride through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

O, Father, have mercy ! The pale steed hath passed us.
Let not Thine anger rend us and blast us.
Shall our cries but rebound from the portals of heaven ?
Shall faith and shall hope from their bases be riven ?
Shall not truth still be true, and Thy promise unbroken ?
Shall the dear voice be stilled that love only hath spoken ?

The heavens are shut, unheard is our cry ;
Our woe is unseen by the Infinite Eye ;
The fountain of mercy has failed at its source,
And the pale horse speeds on, unchecked, in his course.

Cease, Bonney, cease ! Life is undone !
The race now is over, and the gaunt steed has won ;
The light has gone out in our home by the sea,
And darkness and silence shall our welcoming be.

Nevermore at home-coming shall that loving heart greet us ;
Nevermore, as of old, shall the golden soul meet us ;
Nevermore, Bonney, boy, shall that gentle hand feed thee ;
Nevermore the sweet voice to the fresh grasses lead thee.

Alone, dear old comrade, alone, you and I !
Life's sun has gone down, with no stars in the sky.
The world of its brightness and joy is bereft,
And we've only a beautiful memory left.



Tecoloté.



Tecoloté.

Tecoloté's white homestead lies at the foot of a towering amphitheater of green hills.

THOU art bride of the hills,
Tecoloté.

How gently and firmly their giant arms hold thee!
In what blissful content they lovingly fold thee,
Fair bride of the hills,
Tecoloté.

Thou'rt a dove in its nest,
Tecoloté.

Of peace and repose is thy little nest builded,
With the sunshine of joy are its snowy walls gilded.
White dove in its nest,
Tecoloté.

Art thou robed in thy best,
Tecoloté?

And daintily cared for thy nest,
Tecoloté?

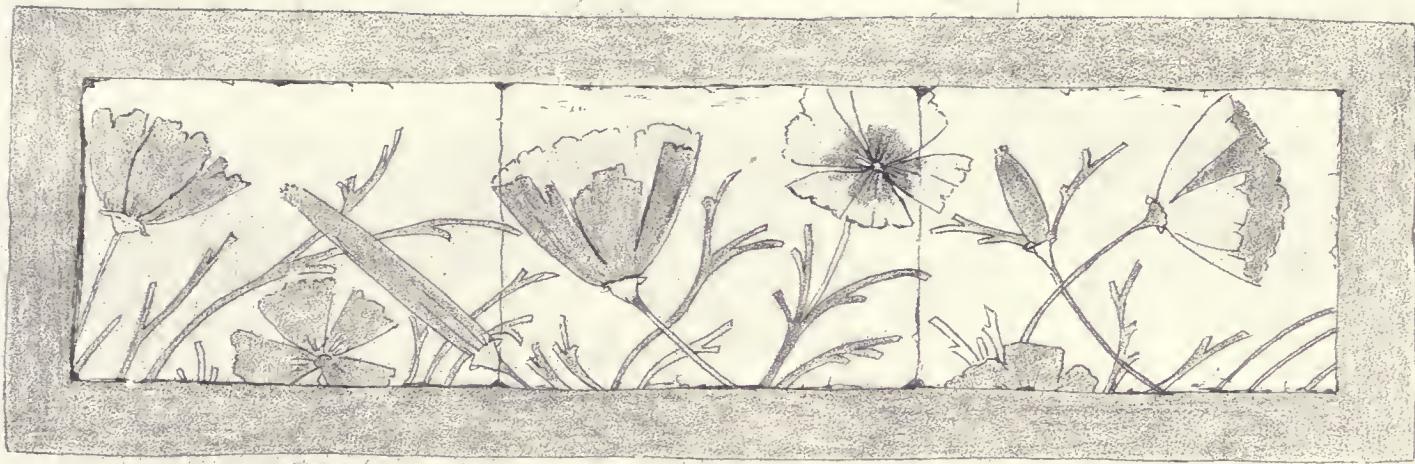
For thy groom, the green hills, is in gorgeous array,
And thy mate plumes himself in his raiment so gay.

Thou art bride of the hills,
Tecoloté.

Thou'rt a dove in its nest,
Tecoloté.

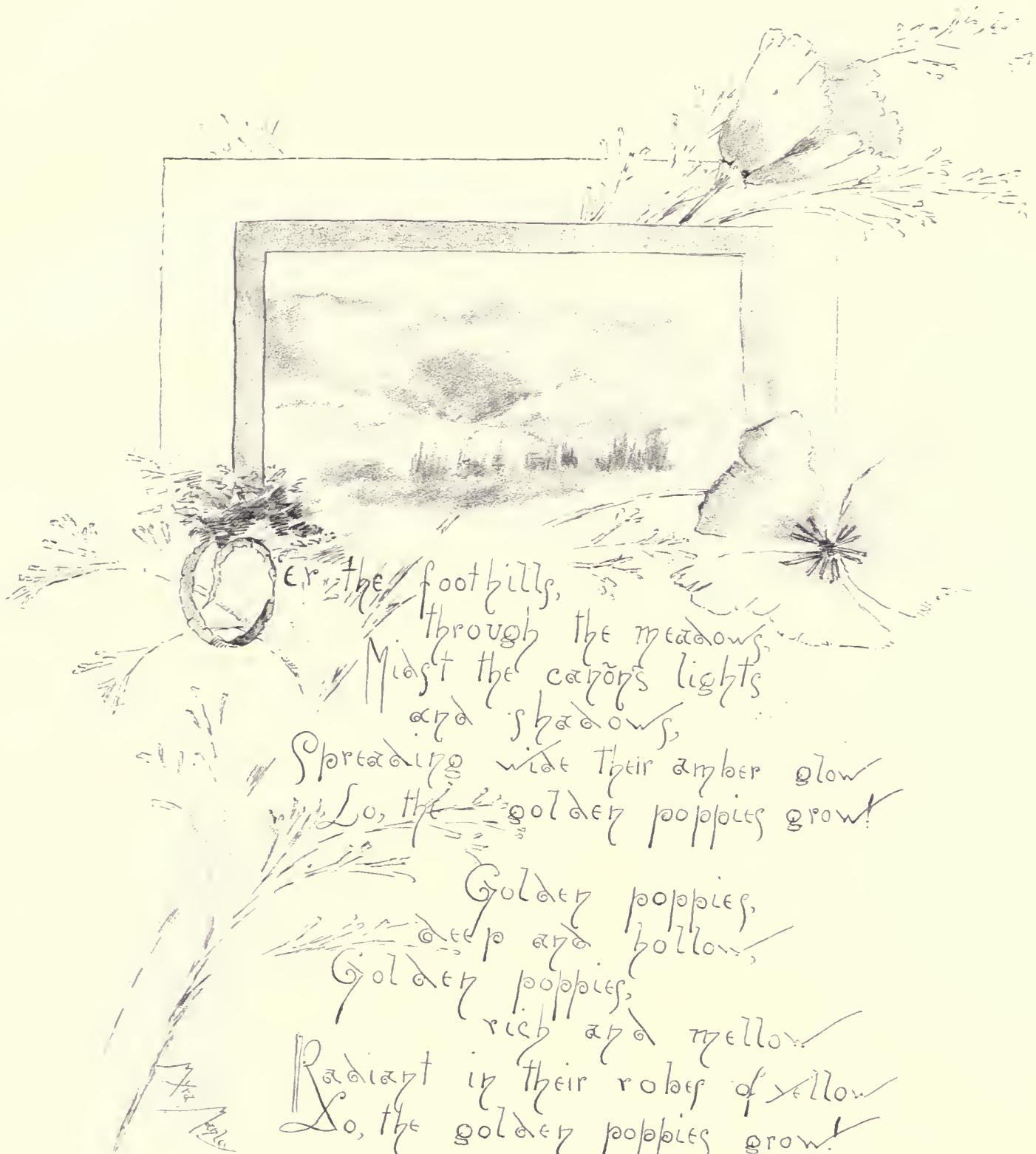
Song

OF THE



Country

1874



Over the foothills,
through the meadows,
Midst the cañons lights
and shadows,
Sporadic with their amber glow
So, the golden poppies grow!

Golden poppies,
Deep and hollow,
Golden poppies,
rich and mellow
Radiant in their robes of yellow
So, the golden poppies grow!

C

Climbing up

the mighty mountains,

By the cool upsprings
fountains,

where the wild brook
seaward flow,

Lo, the
golden
poppies
grow!

In their
hearts the
sun enfolding,
Cups of gold,

Light's nectar holding,
wide, at length,

Their souls unfolding

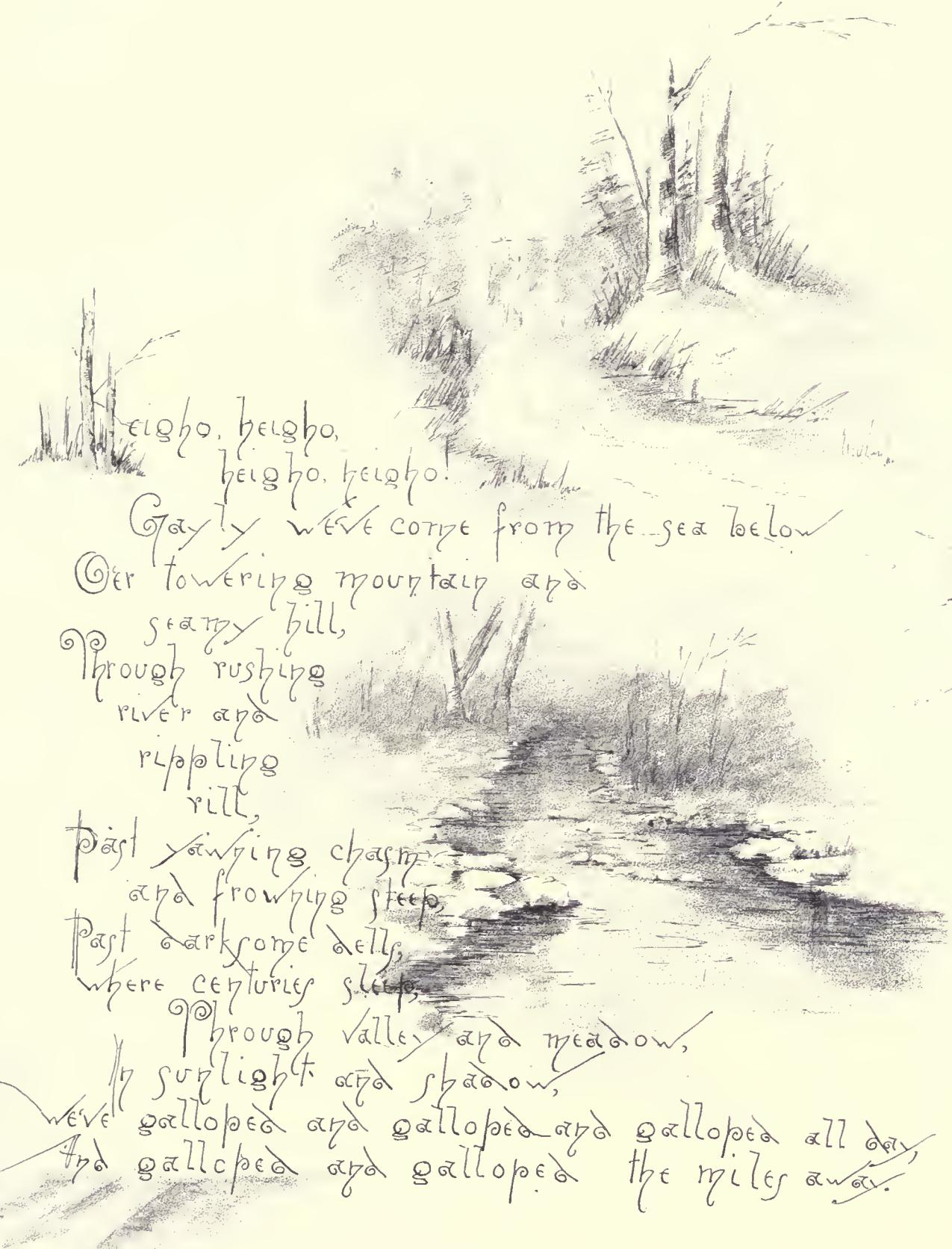
Lo, the
golden poppies

grow!

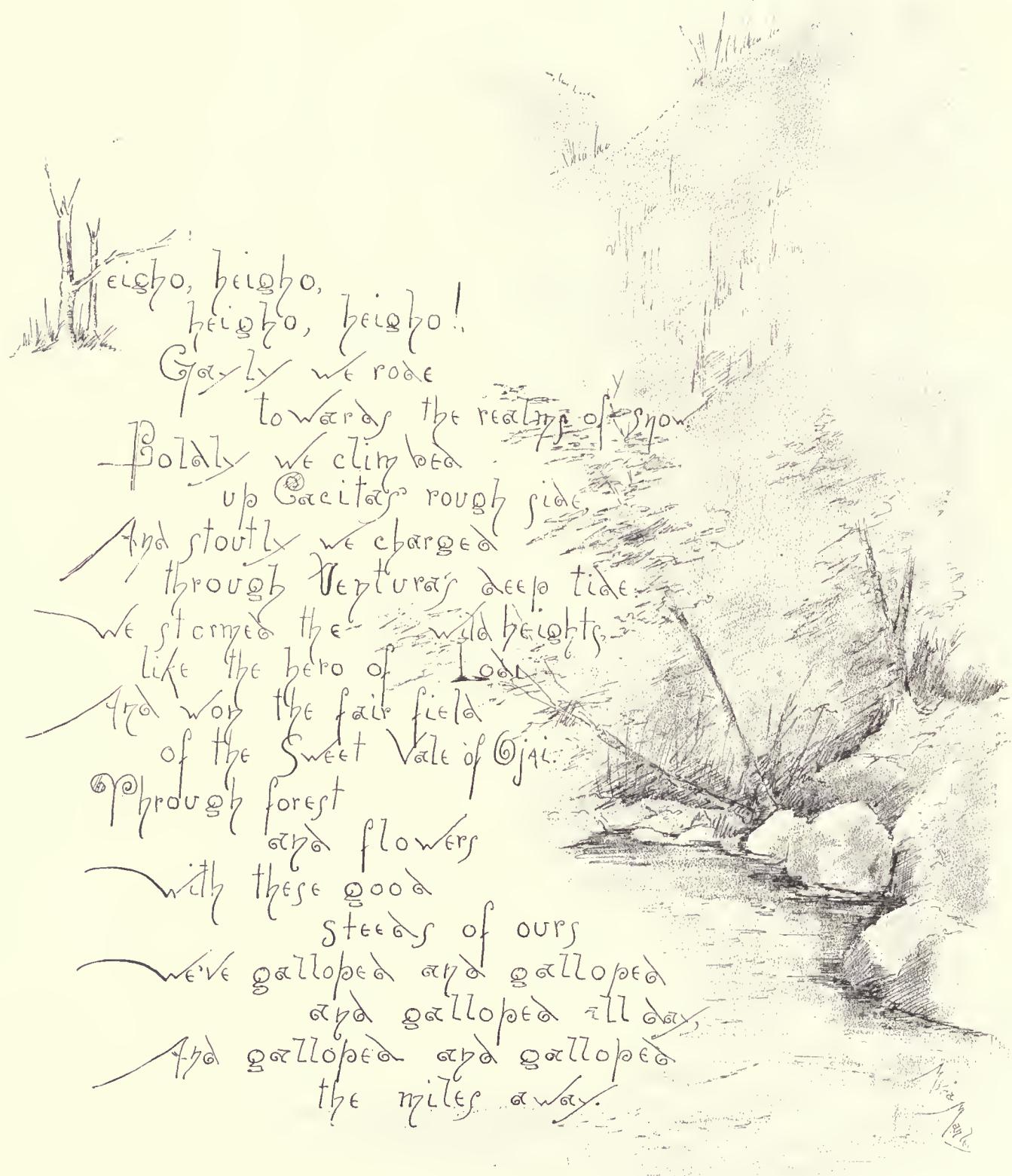
Golden poppies, flecks of amber,
All the landscape scattered o'er,
Children of the sun
remember
Though your souls are all so
golden,
Once there bloomed
4 days, now golden—
Happy days that come no more—
A Golden Soul your
soul outlived,
More of sunshite, lover but dying,
Of grace and beauty, more and more;
But the envious heavens
chilled it,
And the cold winds
came and killed it,
Drooped the
Golden Soul
and died.

Golden poppies,
rich and mellow,
Golden poppies,
robed in yellow,
Bloom your fairest,
bloom your rarest,
For the Golden Soil that sowed.





Heigho, heigho,
heigho, heigho!
Gayly we've come from the sea below
Over towering mountain and
Up steamy hill,
Through rushing
river and
rippling
rill,
Past yawning chasm
and frowning steep,
Past darksome dell,
where centuries sleep,
Through valley and meadow,
By sunlight and shadow,
we've galloped and galloped and galloped all day,
And galloped and galloped the miles away.



Heigho, heigho,
heigho, heigho!
Gaily we rode
towards the rearing of snow.
Boldly we climbed
up Cecilia's rough side,
And stoutly we charged
through Septima's deep tide.
We stormed the wild heights,
like the hero of Lodi.
And won the fair field
of the Sweet Vale of Ojai.
Through forest
and flowers
with these good
steeds of ours
we've galloped and galloped
and galloped all day,
And galloped and galloped
the miles away.



Heigho,

Heigho, heigho, heigho!
High lies our camp by the brook's limpid flow.

Under the arms of ay ole oak tree,

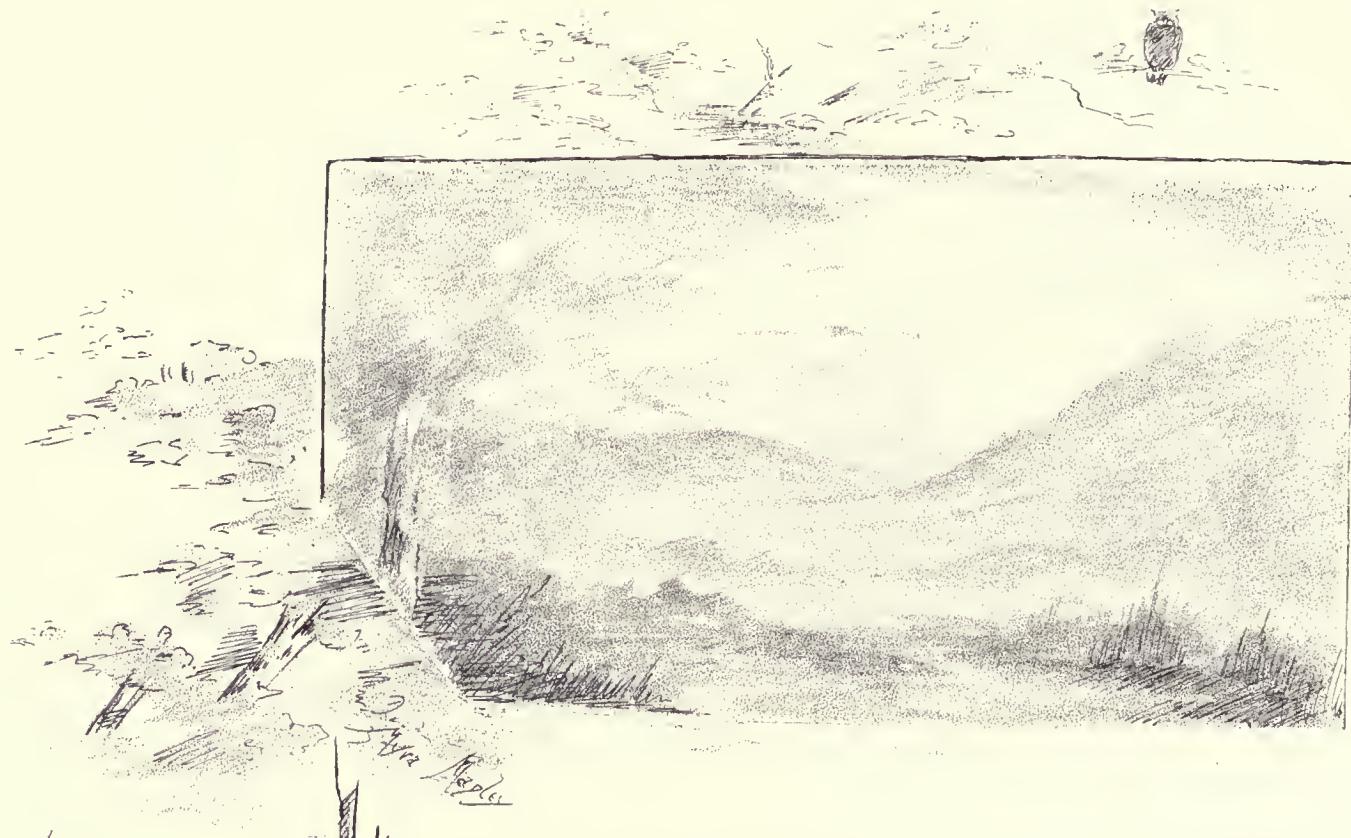
Our tent gleams white ayd our flag floats free.

Our camp fire is blazing.

Our brave steeds are grazing.

For they've galloped

ayd galloped ayd galloped all day
Ayd galloped ayd galloped
the miles away.



Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho!
The stars are above

and the greensward below
was the moon over yonder
Ever brighter I wonder?
Was night e'er completer?
Were the wild flowers ever sweeter?
Rose e'er mountains so grandly?
Blow the breeze e'er so blazily?
O, beautiful valley of rest!
We'll repose on thy nourishing breast,
O'er once more we gallop and gallop
and gallop all day
And gallop and gallop the miles away.

THE
MISSION
BEL

1900
1901



THE OLD

Mission Bells, the sweet Mission Bells

In a rhythmical cadence their soft music swells
From the hills to the mountains, from mountain to sea,
Bells reverent and sad, bells joyous and free,
Ringing over the meadows, into valley and glen;
Ringing peace on the earth and goodwill to men.
The old Mission Bells, the sweet Mission Bells,
With a heavenly message their soft music swells.

Beautiful Bells, in the ancient tower swinging
Growing richer and sweeter as still they grow old;
Beautiful Bells, so tunefully ringing,
Like murmuring winds over harps wrought of gold.

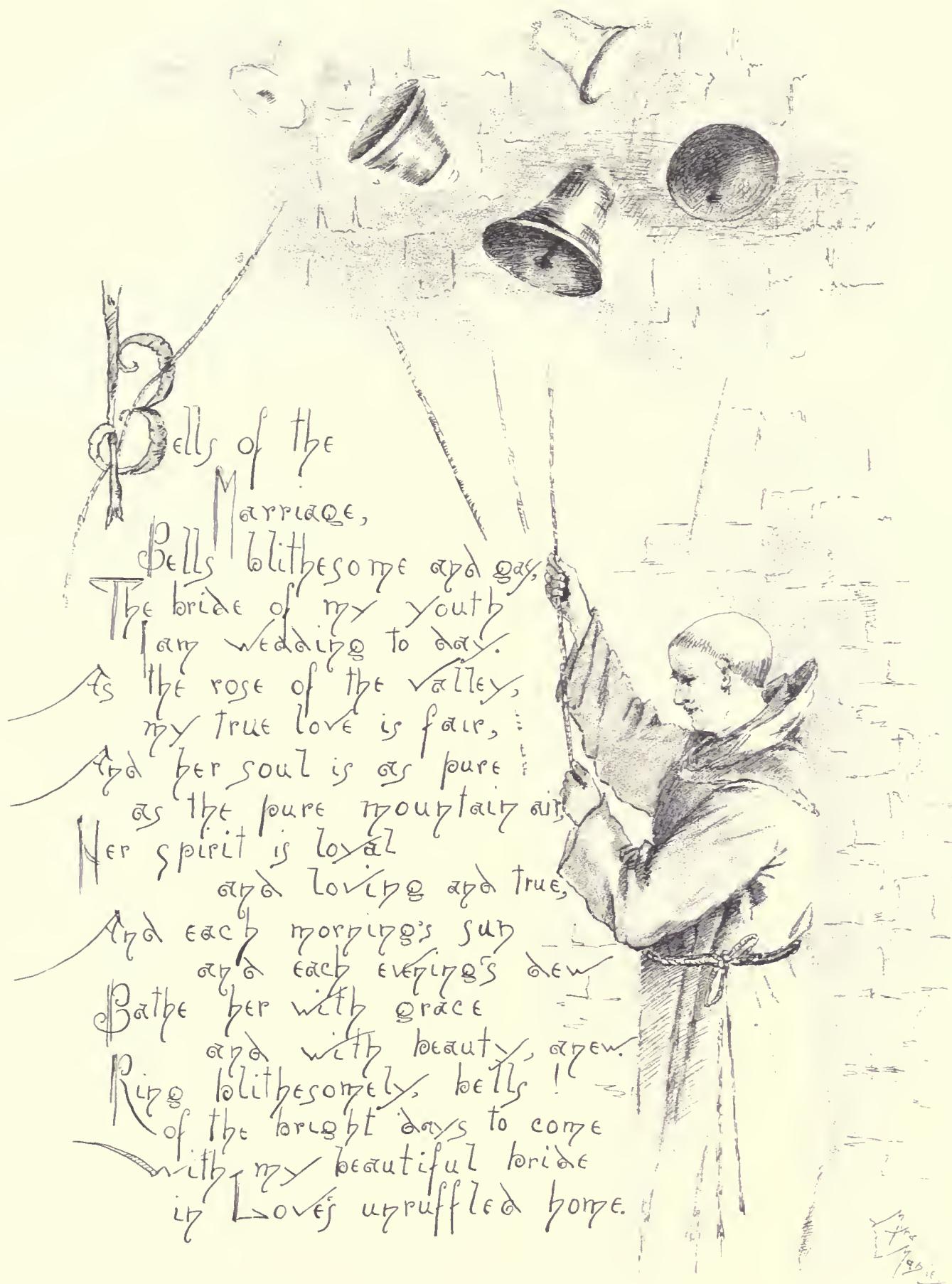
~~Bells~~ of a Century, ancient and hoary,
chime still of the ages gone by,
telling, retelling the wonderful story
how Christ for the world, came to suffer and die.

Bells of
the Sacraments
solemnly sweet,
Calling the world to
the Holy One's feet

Bells of
High Mass, deep,
measured and slow,
whilst the redemptive
drops from our
Lord's body flow.

Bells of the
Eucharist
breathe a
blessing abroad
whilst the purified
soul communys
with its God

Bells of the
Angelus
adoringly roll,
whilst the
Day Star
of Bethlehem
shines up the soul.





Myra Maybey

Bells of the Baptism,

ring lightly and low
For baby, our baby's

by the altar below,

And sweet Mother Mary
and Jesus the Blest,

Are naming our child for the heavenly rest.

O, beautiful bells! Softly lovingly now,

Whilst the Sanctified drops
fall on baby's fair brow,

Whilst unto Our Father,

the dear Lord in heaven,

For time and eternity
Baby is given.

Ring joyously Bells,
ring aloud to the sky!

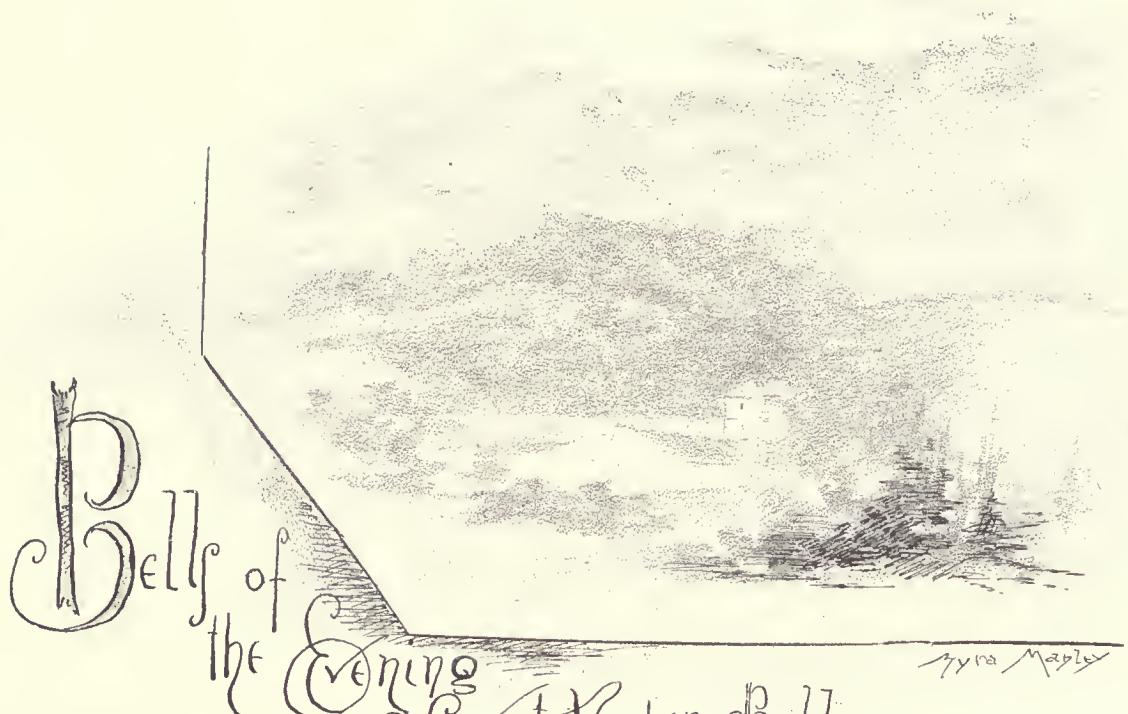
Spread the news on the
wings of the winds as they fly!

Our baby's a place
in the meadows
of high.



Dells o'er the Dead

 tenderly pealing
 into my stricken heart comfort & healing,
 Fall softly your chimes o'er her grave;
 Put more softly, & wreathing my heart,
 Fall Immortality's surcease of sorrow.
 Sweet are the fields as they wave,
 But more sweet up my spirit, apart,
 Bloom the hope-breathing buds of tomorrow.
 Now chant the voices of night,
 But songs that en ravish my soul
 Chide gently my grief for its sighing.
 Back to your fountains, O Light!
 And tenderly, mournful bells, toll
 O'er the soul of my soul,
 Soul whiter than snow,
 Soul towards Eternity flying;
 For broken's the golden bowl,
 The silver cord let go,
 My bride past the dark river's flow,
 In the arms of Immortality's bough.



Bells of the Evening

Myra Mayley

Sweet Evening Bells
when twilight enchant's
with its soft dreamy spell's,
Like the music of seraphs they fall on the ear.
They draw the loved closer and bring heavy year.
O beautiful Bells

Ring on, I am lonely,
I call to my bride and you answer me only,
The heart grows heavy,
when the shadows are falling,
when the vanishing day unto darkness

is calling,
Ring on, for the silence
my lone heart is breaking,
Ring on for my bride
now in Paradise waking.

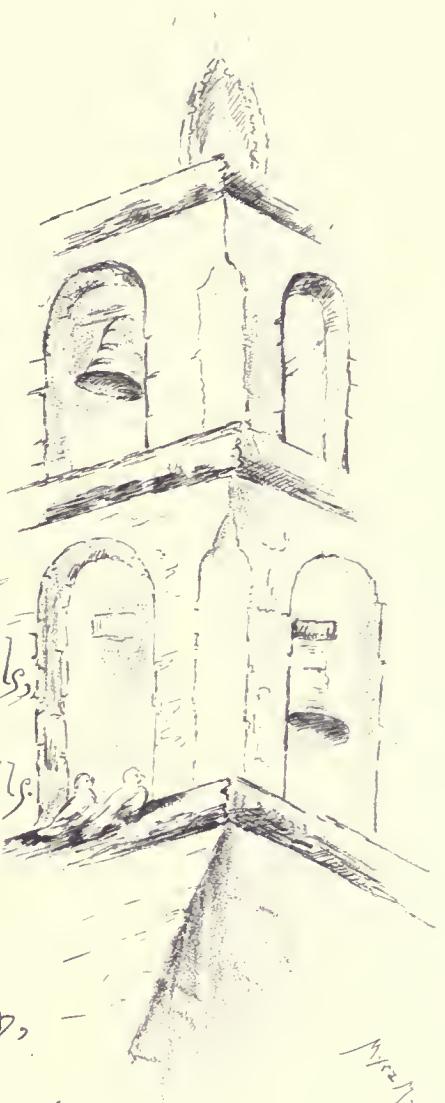
THE

Old Mission Bells,

What a deep, holy calm
in their soft music dwells,
O, beautiful Bells.

Rings as the ages roll on
Rings the love of the Father
Rings the grace of the Son,
Rings solace to hearts
that in heaviness weep,
Rings courage to live,
Rings sorrow to sleep.

Rings the downfall of sin,
the rewards of the blest,
Rings up the Lord's religion
by the sea in the west.



Mar 1916





Me

the

The Beautiful Boat.

MEG, blue-eyed, golden-haired, fly-away Meg, with her heart full of love and her thoughts full of fairies and Wonderland, sat in the white sand of the beach at play, digging wonderful caves and great castles and palaces, and looking off over the sea to far-away Santa Cruz, and she wondered what strange things the shadowy island contained.

Now Meg was not dressed for play, but wore her lovely Kate Greenaway dress and her black silk stockings and pretty low shoes, which were tied with a silken ribbon. And she had on her very best hat and her new kid gloves with buttons and buttons running way up her arms.

After a little Meg ceased her play and listened to the waves as they went murmuring by. There seemed to be ever and ever so many dear little child waves that went dancing and rippling and laughing along :

Lip-pi-ty, lip-pi-ty, ha, ha, ha !
Lip-pi-ty, lip-pi-ty, ha, ha, ha !

And some pretty rough boy waves that went leaping and tumbling over each other,

Flippity, floppy,
Hi, hi, hi !

and a few kind, gray-bearded old waves that smiled at Meg as they passed slowly and sedately on their way,

Lip-lap ! lip-lap !

After Meg had listened to them for a while, she looked up the beach, and behold, there was a great fleet of fairies just coming round Castle Rock!

Oh, there were thousands and thousands of the tiniest baby fairies—wee, pink and white dots of fairies—in green, lily-pad boats set round the edges with pearls and cushioned all over with eider-down. Then came myriads of fairy children in boats of shells with golden masts and satin sails of blue and red and violet and orange. And they were having a splendid time and singing merrily as they sailed over the silvery sea.

Now the sea glistened so brightly, the waves rippled so gently, the boats were so beautiful, and the fairies so happy, that poor Meg's heart began to be very sad to think she couldn't go sailing in a lovely boat, too, but must sit on the beach all alone. And she bowed her head down in her hands till the sunny curls hid her face, and she sobbed and sobbed as if her heart would break. But when she looked up, there was the most beauteous, marvelous boat that ever was seen, sailing right up to the beach at her feet.

Then Meg was so pleased and surprised that her sobs stuck fast in her throat where they were, and the tears just hung on the ends of her eyelashes and never dropped off. This wonderful boat was made of a great tortoise shell, scalloped and polished and curving away up behind. It was lined throughout with mother-of-pearl, and the velvet cushions were purple and azure. It was not like the others, for it had neither mast nor sail. But above it there floated an awning of silvery satin embroidered with gold. Into the middle and four corners of the awning were woven small golden

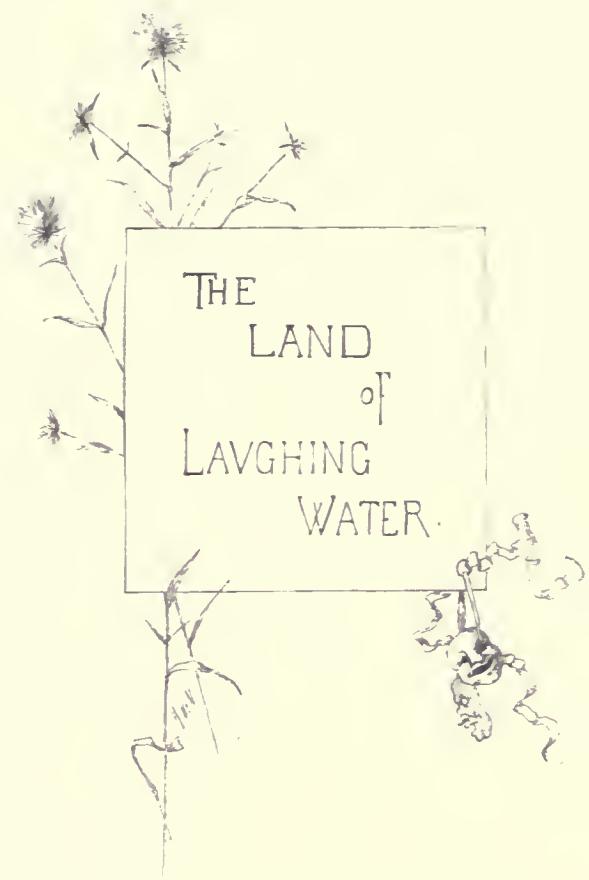


hooks. Up from these hooks ran numberless threads of gossamer, each shining thread made fast round the neck of a white-winged gull, so that as the beautiful birds with their tireless wings bore up the glistening canopy, they seemed like a radiant cloud hovering over the boat. And perched on the crest of the bow as it rose high up from the water, was an eagle with wide-spreading wings hewn out of a rock of blue sapphire and carved by the marvelous skill of the gnomes in their workshop under the mountains. The eyes were two great diamonds so big and so brilliant they blazed and sparkled and shone in the sunlight. Though larger and fairer than all the rest, this boat did not sail of itself, but was drawn by a hundred shining brown porpoises, harnessed with traces of silk made fast to a silver ring in the eagle's beak, and they flashed and shimmered in the sunlight, as they went leaping and plunging along.

Now, when this beautiful, glittering, fairy-built boat, with its fluttering flags and its bird-borne canopy, sailed up to the beach with a sweeping curve, no wonder Meg's sobs felt them-

elves out of place, and hid down deep
in her throat; no wonder her eyes
grew so round and so bright
that the poor little tears were
scared and jumped off
quick from the ends of
her lashes, and
fell away down
to the ground
and died.







OLY.
SONG.

Bobby Shafto's gone to sea
With silver buckles on his knee

He'll come back and marry me
Pretty Bobby Shafto.

The Land of Laughing Water.

AS the boat glided up to the landing, a boy, straight as an arrow, with a winsome face, and a frank, fearless, laughing eye, stepped ashore. He wore a blue sailor's jacket, with buttons of gold, and with golden anchors on either shoulder and cuff, and had a jaunty white hat and trousers, "with silver buckles on his knee." He ran up the steps, and, taking off his hat, bowed very low to Meg as he said :

"I'm Captain Bobby Shafto, who went to sea, and this is my ship. Who are you, little girl, and what makes your eyelids so wet, and your throat stick out so?"

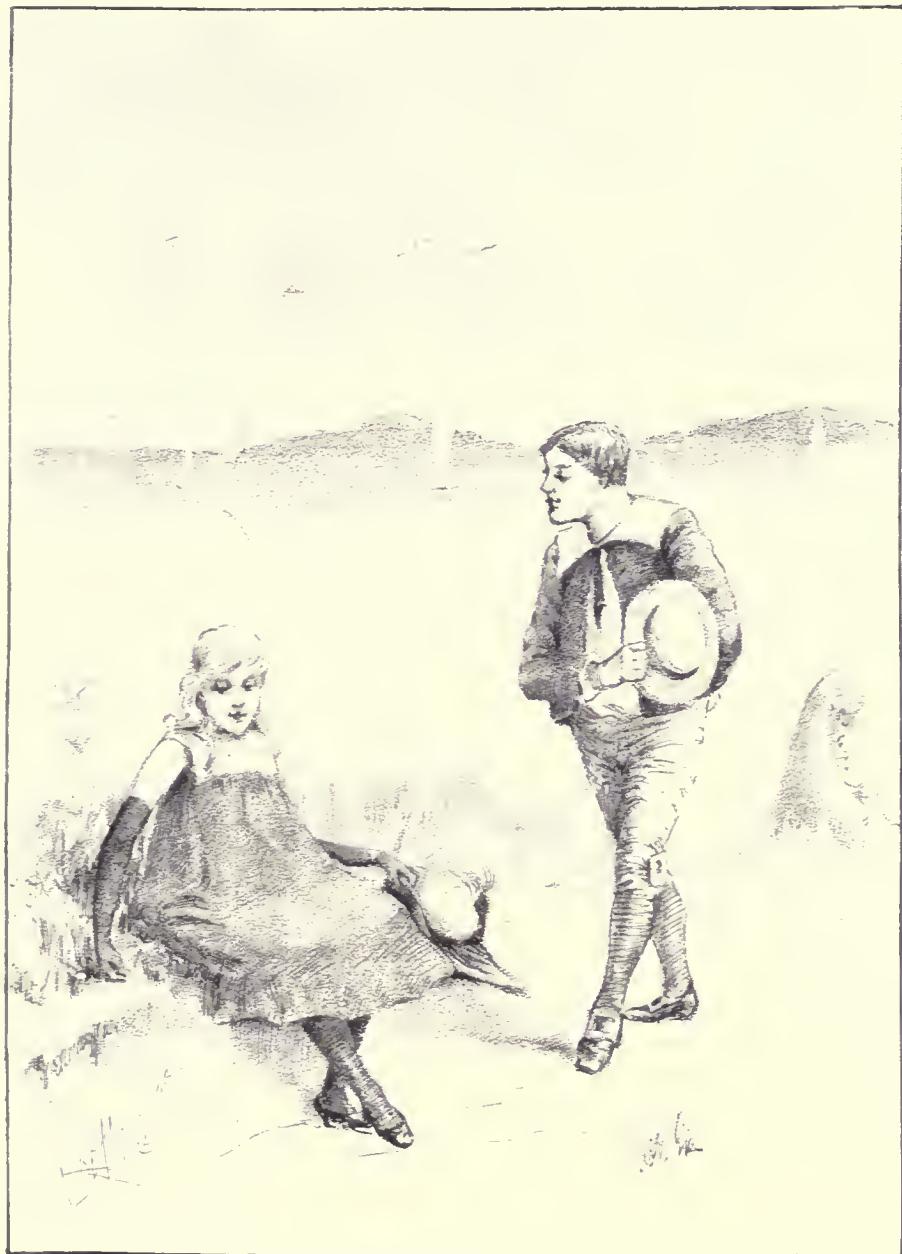
Then Meg told him who she was, and how she had been crying because she couldn't go sailing with the fairies. Then Captain Bobby, who was a very gallant little fellow, bowed very low again, and sang, in a merry, mischievous way :

"I'm Bobby Shafto, as you see,
With silver buckles on my knee,
Will you, Meg, go sail with me,
With pretty Bobby Shafto?"

When Meg heard Bobby's invitation, her face was a sight to behold. She was really going to go sailing, after all, and in the very loveliest boat on the sea, and with Bobby Shafto, too. Meg knew all about Bobby Shafto, and had wondered a great many times how he looked, and when he would come home from sea, and who it was he was going to marry. She

was very glad, indeed, to see him, and smiled with a light and happy heart as she thanked him for his kind invitation, and told him she would like very much to go sailing with him in his beautiful boat. So he took her by the hand, led her down the steps, helped her into the boat, and gave her a seat on the velvet cushions. Then Captain Bobby blew three blasts through a golden horn, and the shining porpoises, the snow-white gulls, the pearl-lined boat, and the happy children sailed smoothly down the bay. They passed a great many of the fairy boats, and, as Meg listened to the low murmuring of the waves, the soft, reedlike call of the gulls, and the gentle flutter of their wings, she thought she had never had such a good time in all her life. After they had sailed on for a time, they came to a wonderfully beautiful country, a sunlit, peaceful land, a land of rest and loveliness. When Meg asked Bobby what it was, he told her it was El Montecito, the fairy land of Laughing Water. He said the brooks here always rippled and sang over their pebbly beds, and the sea always seemed to be laughing lightly and merrily, and he guessed this was what gave the beautiful country its name.

“There are some queer stories about Laughing Water,” Bobby went on, “but I can’t remember only about little babies being found in the flowers that grow here. You see, Meg, the angels are so happy in heaven that they cry sometimes in the evening for no other reason under the sun, but just because they haven’t got quite so long to live there as they had in the morning. And so the dew—which is nothing but angels’ tears, you know—comes down out of the sky at twilight in little, clear, round drops, and hides in the flowers, and in the morning every single dewdrop has turned



into a baby, and they are all asleep in their flower beds. All the little children along the coast know it."

"But I never heard anything about it before, Bobby. Please go on," urged Meg.

"There's a little girl down at San Diego knows ever so many verses that a beautiful fairy lady taught her, and they tell ever so much about it. One verse I remember says:

'And the morn never breaks
O'er the blossoming hills,
But the harebell and morning glory,
And the velvet cell of the tuberose deep,
Cradles a babe in its first sweet sleep
More fair than the cherubs of story.'"

"What are cherubs, Bobby?"

"Oh, cherubs are nice little girls, only they've got wings. I guess you'll be a cherub sometime, Meg."

"Don't you know anything more about the babies, Bobby?"

"Oh, yes, they most always find them in the great calla lilies; they are so big and velvety, you know. Another verse I heard that little girl singing one time says:

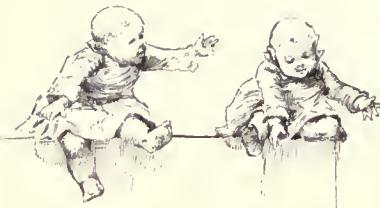


Like the musical heart
of a silver-toned bell,
Like the far away echo,
enshrined in a shell,



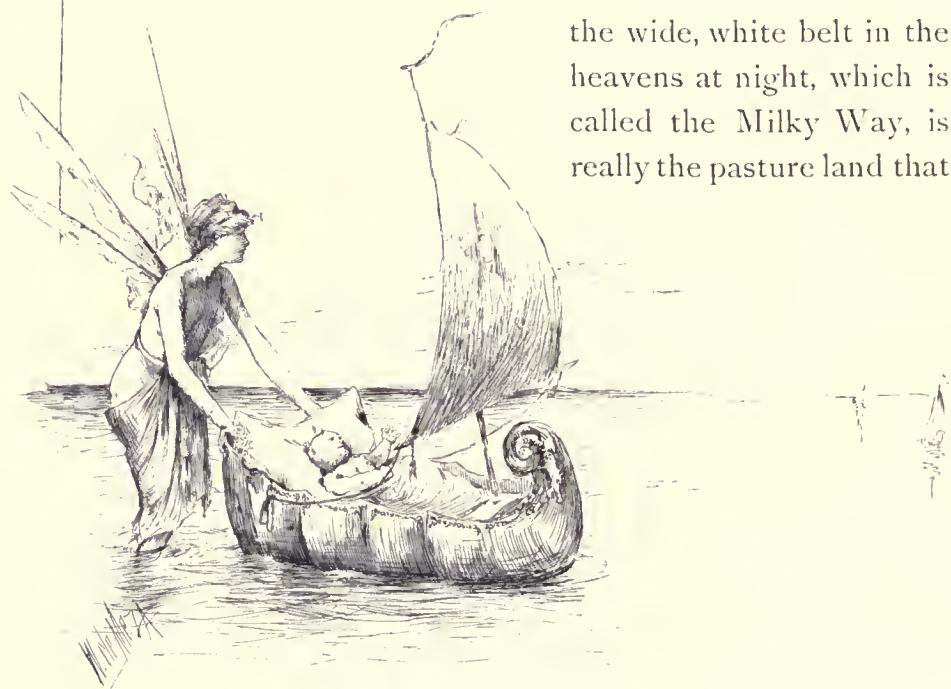
Like the crystalline drops,
that live in a well,
Lie the beautiful babes
in the lily's deep cell.



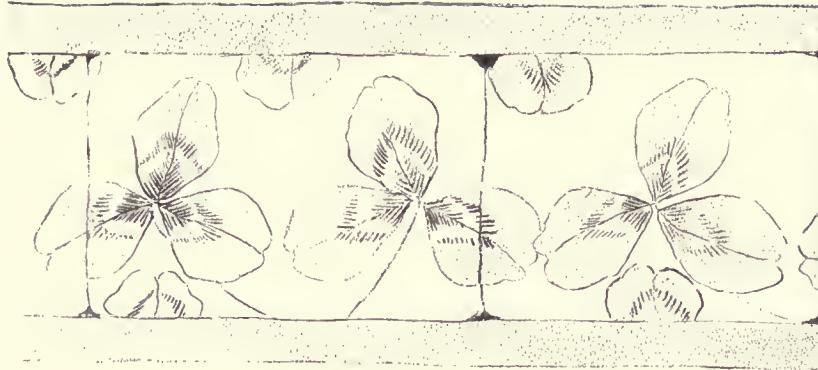


"And in the morning, whenever the ocean is calm and smooth, and the wind is fair, the babies are placed in the fairies' little shell boats, and covered and tucked in with blankets made out of cobwebs and the fiber of lilies, and lined with the purple down of violets and pansies, and then, with a fairy pilot for each, the bright satin sails are set, and they go sailing down the coast toward life and the world."

Now some of the things which Bobby couldn't remember were these: That the wide, white belt in the heavens at night, which is called the Milky Way, is really the pasture land that



belongs to the mystic Montecito. It is a fair, fertile meadow, and the reason it looks so white is because it is covered all over with sweet, white clover. So, when in the morning you see in the sky a little white, foamy cloud, you may know that the fairies have been to the meadows, and are carrying home the morning's milk, all rich and sweet and fresh, for the babies, who are just waking up in their home by the gentle ocean. And every day, when the hour comes for the babies' nap, the sun hides himself in a cloud, the great rugged mountains cast a cool shadow, the winds rock the flower cradles very gently, a humming-bird hovers over each little bed, and fans very softly, and a wonderful bird-choir up in an organ loft in some very tall trees in the midst of the beautiful country sings a low, simple lullaby, and the babies all fall asleep at once, and everything in Laughing Water is hushed and still. Every morning the merry ground squirrels bring the babies marshmallows, and sweetmeats made from the almond and walnut, and chatter and frisk away, till the happy babies laugh and smile at them. Midway between the mountains and the sea there is a sunny, rounded knoll, called San Leandro. This is the beautiful country's central point. Toward it all eyes are turned with love and reverence, for here is the palace of its Queen.



The FAIRY
WHEEL.

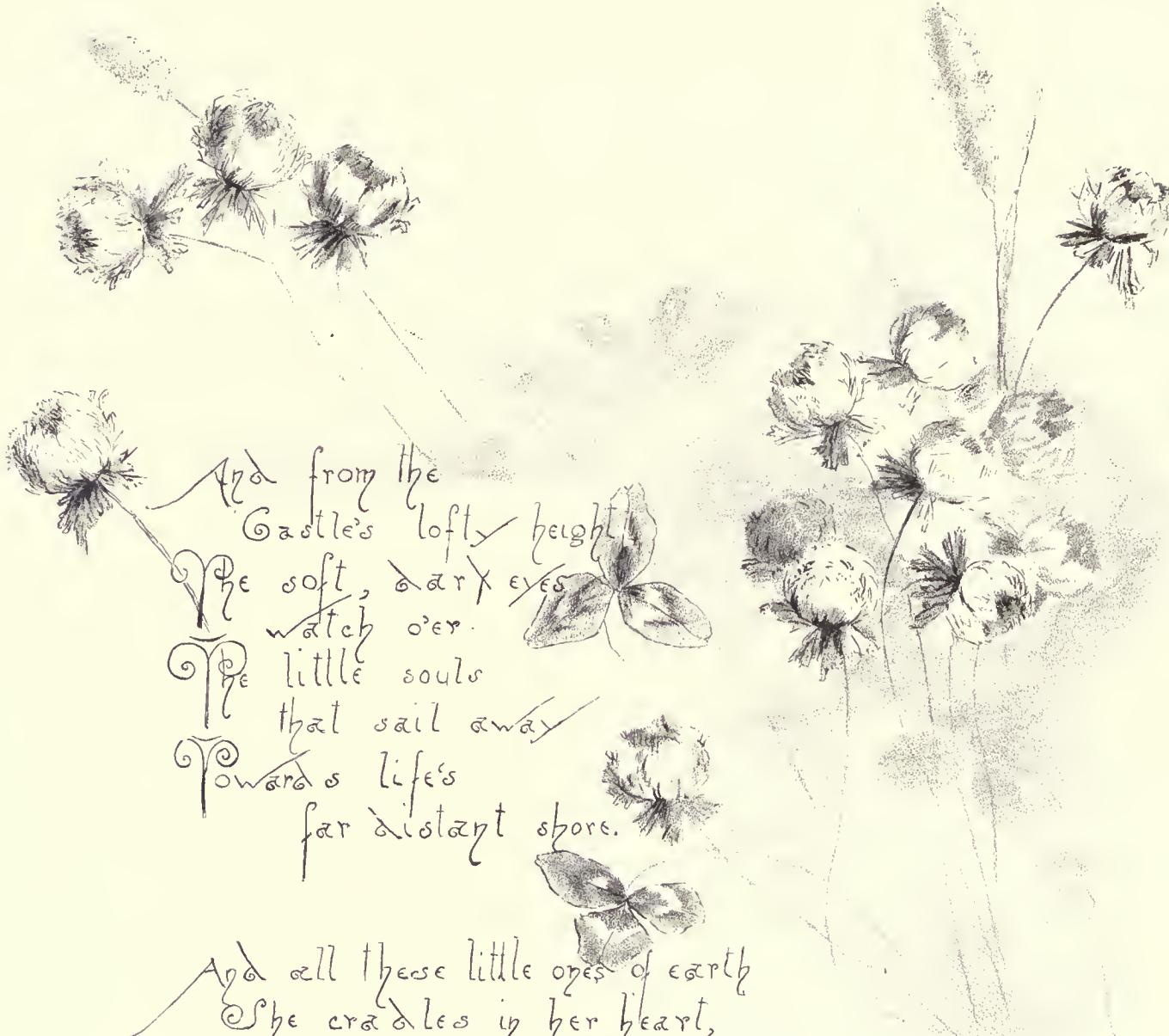


On San Leandro's grassy heights,
A fairy castle stands,
Whose lofty tower o'er sea and hill
A wondrous view commands.

The ever fresh and fragrant air,
With fairy music swells,
And in the eastward shining halo
A gracious spirit dwells.

Washing waters fairy sweep—
The Golden Soul that died—
Oh! sweeter, fairer, lovelier far
Than all the world beside.

The brightest, sunniest, happiest day
Grows brighter as she smiles,
And tears, from Sorrows eyes away,
She tenderly beguiles.



And from the
Castles lofty height
The soft, dark eyes
watch o'er.
The little souls
that sail away
Towards life's
far distant shore.

And all these little ones of earth
She cradles in her heart,
And guards them gently, lovingly,
From ill and harm, apart.

And if by chance, Death strikes them down,
The baby spirits come
To San Leandro's fairy halls
And find a welcome home.

Now it so chanced that as Meg and Bobby slowly sailed past, there was a little fleet of the babies just setting out on their long voyage. On the beach stood the Queen of Laughing Water, the dear, sweet-faced fairy godmother of all the babies, with her eyes full of tears as she bade good-bye to the little voyagers; and the sound of music came floating over the water, and as Meg listened she found it was the bird-choir singing a song of godspeed and farewell. A hundred canary birds trilled the soprano, a hundred turtle-doves cooed out the alto, a hundred meadow larks warbled the tenor, and a hundred great owls sang the deep bass.

THE FAIRIES' SONG OF FAREWELL TO THE BABIES.

Sail away, sail away, o'er the blue billow,
To the beautiful life that is waiting for thee.
Ah, warm be thy welcome, and downy thy pillow,
And peaceful and happy thy life's journey be.

Sail away, sail away, o'er the still water,
Little somebody's son, mamma's waiting for thee;
And sail away home, little somebody's daughter,
For papa is longing his baby to see.

Sail away, sail away, God's little treasure,
With our loving farewells o'er the wide, waiting sea,
In all of life's sorrows, its smiles, and its pleasure,
In the dear castle home we'll be watching o'er thee.



Mother Goose Island.

AFTER leaving Montecito, the Land of Laughing Water, Captain Bobby Shafto changed his course, and made for the dim and shadowy islands beyond the channel. When they had sailed on for a time, Meg noticed a lot of packages and parcels and small boxes in the bottom of the boat, and asked Bobby what he was going to do with them.

"Take them to Mother Goose Island," answered Bobby. Meg's eyes opened wider and wider, and her mouth puckered and puckered, till she laughed out a clear, happy laugh.

"Oh, Captain Bobby," said she, "are we really going where all the Mother Goose people live?" And Bobby said yes, they were.

"Oh, I'm so glad, so glad!" said Meg, as her eyes grew brighter than the diamond eyes of the eagle.

Now it was not very long ere our little voyagers reached Mother Goose Island, which most people call the Island of Santa Cruz — but that is because they have never been there, and know no better. Meg found it a very curious place indeed. The mountains were wild and rugged, but the fields were delightfully green, the trees all leafed out, the flowers in blossom, and there was a high hill and a pebbly brook near the landing. Captain Bobby helped Meg ashore, the porpoises were unharnessed and fed, the faithful gulls released from the awning, and then the two children, with hand clasped in hand,

started on foot up a winding road. The first thing Meg noticed was a very funny garden, full of "cockle shells and silver bells," and she knew right away that the little woman at the gate was "Mistress Mary." She seemed very much put out this morning, because her "little maids," instead of growing "all in a row," as she thought they ought to, went higgledy-piggledy, every way. And she was just as "contrary" as ever, for she wouldn't answer Bobby when he spoke to her. Next they came to a small, white cottage, "under the hill," and on the porch sat the same "old woman living there still."

"Good morning, Granny," said Bobby.

"Is that you, Bobby Shafto, and did you bring my green tea and sassafras root from Santa Barbara?" piped out the old woman in a high, quivery-quavery voice. Bobby told her it was down at the landing, and would be up very soon, and then they went along and began to go up the hill, and when they were about half-way up they came to two little green graves by the roadside, with the violets and poppies growing all over them.

"Oh, the poor children," said Meg. "Who were they, Bobby?" Bobby told her 'twas Jack and Jill, and this was where "Jack fell down and broke his crown, and Jill came tumbling after." Then Meg went up close, and read on the small, white gravestones:

“Here lies Jack,
Who died from a whack
On the back
Of his head.

Poor little Jill
Her pail did spill,
And now doth fill
This grave.”



When they came to the next house, which was made of brown adobé, there was an awfully thin, weazened-up old man leaning over the gate. He called out to Bobby in a funny, cracked voice :

“Good morning, Mr. Shafto.” And Bobby answered :
“Good morning, Mr. Sprat.”

Then Jack Sprat looked over his shoulder, as if he was afraid of something, and said, quick-like :

“S-s-sh ! Mr. Shafto, please not to speak quite so loud, somebody might hear you. Have you brought me a nice *lean* piece of roast beef to-day ?”

Before Bobby could answer, Mrs. Sprat, who was a big, fat woman with a red face, came rushing out of the door, and called out :

“Jacob Sprat, how dare you ! Go into the house this minute, sir ! Don’t you know that *lean* meat is bad for my liver ? And now, Bobby Shafto, if you’ve got a fine *fat* roast, let’s have it.”

When they had walked on a way further, Meg saw a large, handsome house, with a very wide veranda in front, with a



great passion vine running over it, and grand old oak and pepper trees and lovely beds of roses and geraniums in the yard. On the veranda, in a big, big chair, that looked like a throne, sat a big, big man, with a very long beard and very white hair, with a crown on his head and a pipe in his mouth, and on a platform beside him was a table, and on the table a great silver bowl with wine in it. And behind the great chair stood three men in green and yellow uniforms, fiddling away for dear life. Of course, Meg knew it was old King Cole. He saw them coming, and shouted out in a voice as big as a house :

“ Hullo, Bobby Shafto ! Did you bring my tobacco and the cask of wine, as I told you ? ”

“ Yes, your Majesty ; they are down at the landing,” replied Bobby, bowing very low.

“ And who is the pretty maid with you, Master Bobby ? ”

“ This is little Miss Meg, your Majesty, from the country over the sea.”

“ Oho, oho,” said the King, and, turning to Meg, he said :

“ Have you a king in your country over the sea,
With his pipe and his bowl and his fiddlers three,
That's big and fat and jolly like me ? ”

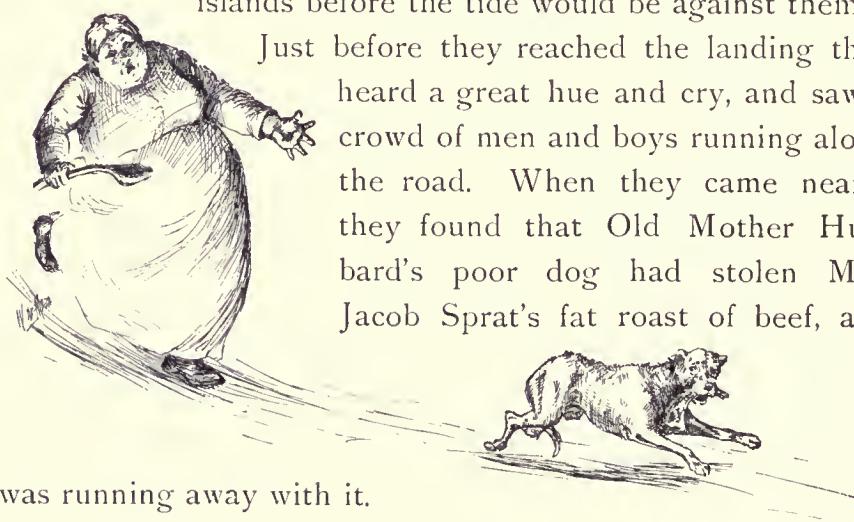
and then he laughed till his great double chin waved up and down and his fat sides shook. But Meg bowed very low just as she had seen Bobby do, and said she had never seen any kings in her country. When they had passed on so far that Old King Cole surely couldn't hear, Meg told Bobby she didn't think much of kings, they had such red noses and wobbly chins, and were so fat. Her papa, she said, was a

thousand million times nicer than any king that ever lived. Just as she said this they heard a loud, sweet sound like a bell, and it went echoing, echoing all over the island. Meg wondered what it could be, and Bobby told her it was the Dickory, Dickory, Dock clock striking the tidal hour. It struck with a kind of measured, musical chant, and it seemed to say,

“The years come,
The years go,
Summer’s sun
And winter’s snow.
Heigho, heigho!
I tell you so
To let you know
The tides below
Begin to flow.”

Bobby said that they had been having such a good time he had no idea it was so late; that they must hurry down to the landing right away, or he should not be able to make the other islands before the tide would be against them.

Just before they reached the landing they heard a great hue and cry, and saw a crowd of men and boys running along the road. When they came nearer they found that Old Mother Hubbard’s poor dog had stolen Mrs. Jacob Sprat’s fat roast of beef, and



was running away with it.

When they finally arrived at the landing there were ever so many of the Mother Goose people waiting to give Bobby their orders. But he wouldn't attend to any of them until he had helped Meg into the boat and seen her seated. As she passed through the crowd, they were all very kind to her, and invited her to come and visit their island again, which Meg told them she would be very glad to do. She overheard the Old Woman who lived in a shoe telling Simple Simon that, really, her family had become so large she had got to build on a lean-to. When Meg was seated in the beautiful boat again, Captain Bobby stepped ashore and was very busy taking down the people's orders in a little memorandum book. But at length he was all through, the hundred seal brown porpoises were made fast to the beautiful boat by their silken traces, the gossamer threads again encircled the necks of the faithful gulls, the canopy of silver and gold rose into its place. Captain Bobby stepped into the boat, three blasts were blown on the golden horn, and Meg was off again over the silvery sea. The people all shouted,

"Good bye, Captain Shafto! Good bye, pretty Miss Meg!"

"Good bye, good bye!" called Bobby and Meg, and the strange island, with its rugged mountains, its rocky shores, its hills and its brooks and its strange, funny people, began very soon to grow smaller and smaller, and faint and dim, and finally faded from sight.

Then Meg asked Bobby if she might see his order-book. Bobby said she might, and she read it all. Every order was written neatly and in a business-like way. Here are some of the orders Meg found:

FOR OLD KING COLE.

1 doz. briar-wood pipes,
1 bunch fiddler's strings,
1 bottle anti-fat.

FOR THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.

1 piece sole leather,
1 piece calf-skin,
1 piece shoemaker's wax,
1 doz. bottles Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

FOR THE COW THAT JUMPED OVER THE MOON.

1 set new springs for legs.

FOR OLD FATHER GRAYBEARD.

1 set false teeth.

FOR THE OLD MAN OF TOBAGO,

2 lbs. rice,
1 lb. sago,
1 mutton chop.

FOR LITTLE BO-PEEP.

2 doz. artificial tails (for sheep),
1 bottle Spalding's prepared glue.



The Isle of the Olden Time.

ERE long their gallant boat bore the children on toward another island, that, some way, seemed lonely and sad, and it made Meg feel sorrowful just to look at it—everything was so silent and mournful. Bobby said the folks in Santa Barbara called it Santa Rosa, but other folks called it the Island of By-Gone Days, and sometimes the Isle of the Olden Time. It was a queer, spooky place, he said. The trees were all covered with the drooping silver moss, and the leaves were never green at all, but were autumn leaves the whole year round, and kept falling and coming down kind of soft and ghost-like. And the wind whistled through the caves along the shore, and the surf was always solemn and sad. And there were some funny boxes with strings to them, that people said were harps, and the wind played on them; but he said he couldn't bear to hear them, because the music seemed just like sobs and tears. And the big gateway at the entrance was all grown over with ivies and forget-me-nots, and there was some writing in the middle, that said:

“THE PRESENT IS A PHANTOM; THE FUTURE UNCERTAIN; ONLY THE PAST IS SURE.”

Bancroft Library

“When folks get old,” continued Bobby, “they come down here and remember things that happened years and years ago. But I don't see what they want to come for, 'cause they most always cry. And sometimes folks come here that ain't old at



all, and they bury things. Once a very tall, beautiful lady, all dressed in black, came, and the folks said she was a queen or something once; and she buried a splendid sword and a soldier's cap, and, for all she was such a great lady, she knelt down on the ground and cried, and cried. Oh, I felt awful sorry for her. And another lady came one time and buried—what do you think? A baby's shoe, all stubby and worn. And then there was another lady, too, and she wasn't old a bit, and she was the most beautifulest lady I ever saw. She wasn't dressed in black, though. And when she had found a nice, shady place under a great tree, she looked all around to see if anybody was watching, and then she took out of her dress somebody's picture and a lock of hair, and kissed them and buried them. And a tall, big man came 'way down here once just to bury some old, faded flowers that weren't good for anything; and when he was coming away, I asked him what made folks come to the island and act so queer? He didn't say a word, but just looked at me for a minute, and then wrote something on a paper, and gave it to me, and told me to keep it till I was a man, and then I would understand it all. Here is the paper now," said Bobby.

"Oh, Bobby, please read it," said Meg.

"It's all mixed up so, I can't tell what it means, but I guess he felt pretty bad," said Bobby, and then he read :

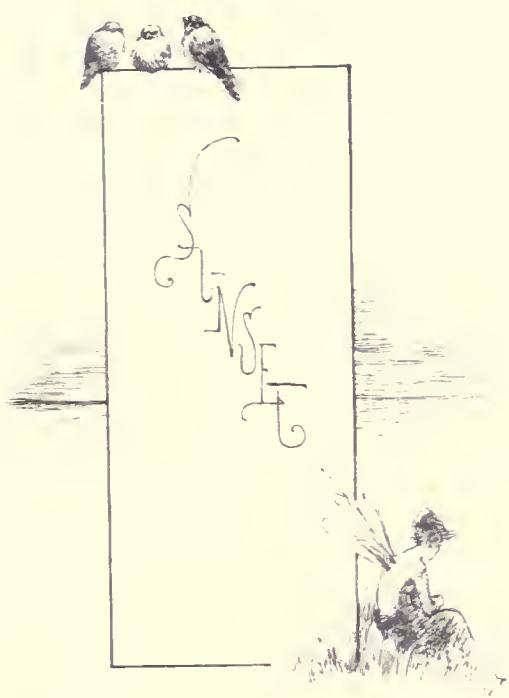


THE ISLE OF THE GOLDEN TIME.

past the Isle of the Olden Time,
Glider away like a darkening river,
I catch the low rustle of autumn leaves falling,
I hear the sweet notes of the cuckoo's soft calling,
While out of the past, like an echoing chime,
Long slumbering thoughts of a far-away clime,
Throng up through the shadowy forever.

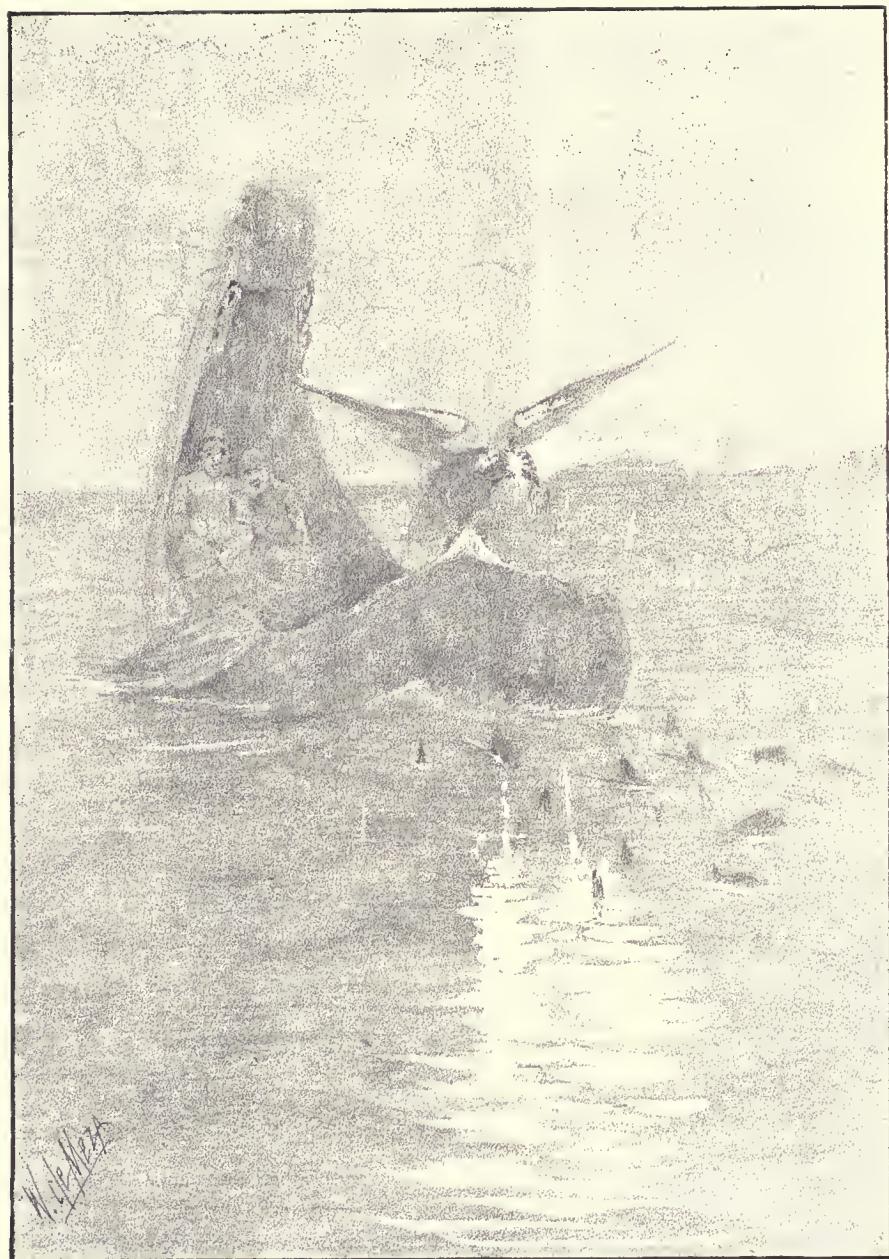
When day,

And I wait in the Isle 'till a voice that is still,
Comes tenderly out of the gloaming,
And I feel the soft touch of a still hand's caressing,
While dear, silent lips on my forehead are pressing,
And ever I have loved my longing heart thrill,
And passionate yearnings my sad soul fill,
Through the blest long ago to be roaming.

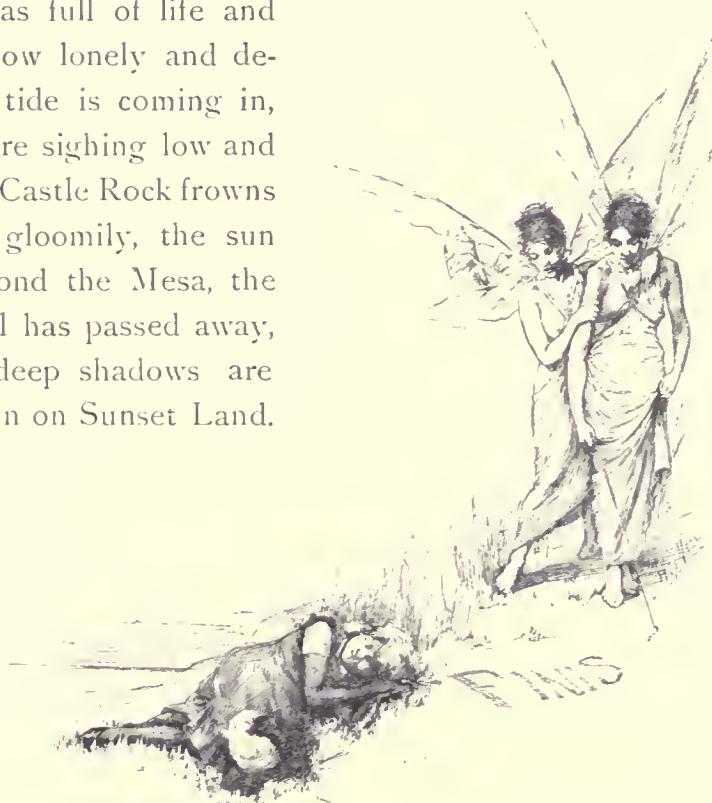


Sunset.

ON and on, over the silvery sea glides the beautiful boat, and quite as swiftly and steadily glide the hours away. Meg is so absorbed in watching the islands fade in the distance, that she does not notice how near the day is drawing to its close. But of a sudden the islands disappear and the mystic boat sails into the midst of clouds of vermillion and amber. Nothing can be seen but this shadowy circle of blending light, and there comes no sound but the rippling of the water under the boat and the low, whistling cry of the gulls and the soft flutter of their wings. For a long time they sail through these rainbow-hued clouds, but at length pass out into such a burst of sunlight, so radiant, so glorious, that Meg has never seen its equal in all her life. And while she is lost in wonder and amazement, they are rapidly borne on the glistening tide far into the midst of the setting sun. Before them stretches a boundless sea of glimmering, shimmering gold, while down from the hills on either side flow numberless brooks of violet, azure, crimson, orange, and emerald green, over whose banks throng countless hosts of queer little people, busy as busy can be, dipping their tiny arrows into the radiant colors, and then with their fairy bent bows shooting them over the hills, away toward the world, a glittering, glowing, sparkling shower of sunbeams. But soon comes a strange, wild, fluttering, whirring sound, and Meg clings close to Bobby in fright, while, like a gloomy cloud, the great black birds of



night settle thickly down over the molten sea, and all is dark and still. But on through the night sails the wonderful boat. High over the bows the blue sapphire eagle keeps watch and ward, its fiery diamond eyes gleaming fiercely over the water. On and still on they float through the midst of the midnight sun until—of a sudden, Meg's blue eyes fly open and lo! it was all a dream—that lovely land of Laughing Water—the beautiful boat and the islands so strange and wonderful. The beach which but a little time ago was full of life and motion, is now lonely and deserted, the tide is coming in, the winds are sighing low and mournfully, Castle Rock frowns darkly and gloomily, the sun has set beyond the Mesa, the Golden Soul has passed away, and deep, deep shadows are settling down on Sunset Land.



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